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HEROINE.

BY HENRI RABIER.

"Would be grand to be a hero,
If one only could attain,
To the end of the beginning,
Without feeling all the pain;
If the right could only conquer,
If the heart had never so long,
All the weary aching burden
Of oppression and of wrong.
If the soul could be unbroken,
And the world but only knew,
That the cruel winter had passed,
Were so terribly untrue;
If the brightness of the ending,
Glimmered o'er the darkened way,
Showing through the distant gleaming,
Towns of a brighter day.
"Would be grand to be a hero,
Yes, I'm sure 'twould be sublime;
If you had not first to suffer,
And to cope with vice and crime.
But alas! I seem to weary,
Of the hero I would frame,
For a man without a trial
Is a hero but by name."

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AND
OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

(This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

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BOOK III.

II.

EXPLANATION.

In truth it was time that the judge had come.

In the Parisian malstrom this little woman whirled desperately. Sustained by her folly even she floated up; but her enormous expenditures, the luxuries that she affected, the contempt that she was acquiring day by day for the least semiluxury, all announced that she would speedily sink, drawing after her the honor of her husband and perhaps also the fortune and the name of an important house ruined by her madness.

The neighborhood in which she now dwelt bordered her fall still more. In Paris, in those quarters of small shopkeepers which are veritable provinces of ill-will and gossip, she was obliged to exercise greater caution; but in her dwelling at Anieres, surrounded by actors' chalets, by doubtful households, by clerks enjoying their vacation, she felt herself herself no longer. There was about her an atmosphere of vice which she liked, which she breathed without disgust. The ball music amused her, in the evening in her little garden.

A pistol shot fired in a neighboring house, one night, which bustled all the vicinity with a common and scotch intrigue, made her dream of similar adventures. She also wished to have "histories." Preserving no longer any moderation in her dress, the days on which she did not promenade upon the quay of Anieres, in a short skirt, with a rattle held up in her hand, like a fashionable of Trouville or of Honfleur, she remained at home in a wrapper, as her neighbors did, absolutely inactive, scarcely looking after her dwelling, in which she was robbed as if she had been a coquette, without knowing anything about it. That same woman, who had been seen passing on horseback every morning, chatted for whole hours with her domestic about the strange households which surrounded her.

Lies by little, she had subordinated to her old level and even below it. From the rich, highly respectable station to which her marriage had raised her, she had sunk down to the rank of mistress. By dint of traveling in railroad cars with females fantastically accoutred, their hair over their eyes in a coiffe, or floating down their backs in the Genes de Brabant, she had grown to resemble them. She made herself blonde during two months, to the great astonishment of Risler, thoroughly amused at the change in his darling. As to George, all these eccentricities amused him, causing him to find ten women in the same person. He was the real husband, the master of the house.

To assume Sidonie, he had procured for her a semblance of society, his bachelor friends, some commercial men of the world, mainly over any women; women have too sharp eyes. Madame Dobson was the sole friend.

"They organized grand dinners, excursions upon the water, displays of fireworks. Day by day the situation of the poor Risler became more ridiculous, more odious. When he came home in the evening, fatigued, ill-dressed, he was forced to ascend quickly to his chamber to make himself presentable."

"We have company to dinner," said his wife, "tonight!"



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

club acquaintances with the tranquil assurance of the man who pays.

"Business breakfasts and dinners!" In Risler's eyes this word "business" explained everything: the constant presence of his partner, the choice of guests, and the marvelous toilets of Sidonie, who made herself beautiful and coquettish in the interest of the firm. This coquetry of his mistress filled Fromont Jeune with despair. At all hours of the day he came to surprise her, uneasy, distrustful, fearing to leave long to itself that cunning and perverted nature.

"What has become of your husband?" asked papa Gardinois in a bantering tone of his granddaughter. "Why doesn't he come often?"

Claire excused George, but this continual abandonment had begun to alarm her. Now she wept on receiving those little fragments of letters, those dispatches which reached her daily at meal-times: "Do not expect me this evening, dear friend. I cannot come to Savigny until to-morrow or the day after by the night train."

She sat sorrowfully opposite an empty place, and, without knowing herself deceived, felt that her husband was neglecting her. He was so absent-minded, kept him forcibly at the mansion, so silent about what occupied him. Claire having to longer with Sidonie anything but very distant relations, knew nothing of what was passing at Anieres; but, when George started away again eagerly, smilingly, she tormented her solitude with unvaried suspicions, and, like those who wait a great sorrow, felt all at once an immense void in her heart, a place ready for catastrophe.

Her husband was no happier than she. That cruel Sidonie seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. She allowed everybody to pay attention to her. At that moment a certain Canabon, called Canaboni, an Italian tenor of Toulouse, presented by

Madame Dobson, came every day to chant disquieting duos. George, terribly jealous, hurried to Anieres in the afternoon, neglected all, and already had commenced to find that Risler did not watch his wife sufficiently. He had wished him blind only so far as concerned himself.

Ah, if he had been the husband, he would have taught her a thing or two! But he had no power over her, and she did not hesitate to tell him so. Sometimes, also, with that invincible logic which comes often to the greatest fools, he thought that, a deceiver himself, perhaps he deserved to be deceived. On the whole, he was a sorrowful life. He passed his time in running to the jewellers, the dealers in dry-goods, in investing for her gifts, surprises. Ah, he knew her well! He knew that he could amuse her with jewels, not retain her, and that the day on which she grew weary—

Sidonie was not weary yet. She led the life that she desired, had all the happiness that she could attain. Her love for George had nothing in it of the inflammable or of the romantic. He was for her like a second husband, younger and above all richer than the other. To better gloss over their sin, she had drawn her parents to Anieres, had lodged them in a little house at the further end of the place, and of her father vainglorious and voluntarily blind, of her mother tender and always dazed, she made for herself a cover of respectability of which she felt the need in proportion as she advanced on her downward career.

All was well-arranged in that wicked little house which planned vice coolly; and it seemed as if her life was destined to continue thus tranquilly, when suddenly Francis Risler arrived.

Promptly on seeing him enter, she had comprehended that her repose was menaced, that something very grave was about to take place between them.

In a moment her plan was formed. Now she was about to put it in operation.

The pavilion which they had entered, a great circular affair the four windows of which looked out upon different landscapes, was furnished for the summer siestas, for the hot hours in which a refuge was sought from the sun and the murmurs of the garden. A large divan, very low stretched around it. A little lacquer table very low also stood in the middle, loaded with odd numbers of worldly journals.

The hangings were new, and the Persian designs—birds flying among bluish reeds—had exactly the effect of a summer dream, a light image floating before the closing eyes. The lowered blinds, the matting spread upon the inlaid floor, the Virginia jessamine which interlaced without all along the lattice-work, preserved a delicious coolness increased by the neighboring noise of the river unceasingly agitated, and the splash of its little waves upon the strand.

Sidonie, as soon as she came in, seated herself, pushing back her long white skirt which settled down like a fall of snow at the foot of the divan; and her eyes sparkling, her mouth smiling, leaning over a trifle her little head of which the knot at the side augmented still more the capricious perverseness, she waited.

Francis, very pale, remained on his feet, looking around him. Then, at the end of a moment:

"I compliment you, Madame," said he; "you understand what is comfortable!"

And immediately, as if he was afraid that starting from such a distance the conversation would not reach quickly enough the point to which he wished to bring it, he added abruptly:

"Is it to your husband or to your lover?"

Without stirring from the divan, without even lifting her eyes to him, she responded:

"To both!"

He was somewhat disconcerted by so much

her mouth near his, her entire frame trembling.

A criminal passion! Whom then did she love?

Francis was afraid to ask her.

Without yet suspecting anything, he comprehended that that look, that breath, bent towards him, were about to reveal to him something terrible.

But his duty as a judge obliged him to know all.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

She answered in a hollow voice:

"You know very well that 'tis yourself!"

She was his brother's wife.

For two years he had thought of her only as a sister. For him, his brother's wife no longer had anything in common with his former betrothed, and it would have been to commit a crime to recognize in a single feature of her face her to whom in the past he had so often said: "I love you."

And now it was she who told him that she loved him.

The unhappy judge stood stricken, amazed, without a word of response.

She, looking at him, awaited.

It was one of those spring days, full of fever and of sun, to which the vapor of past rains gives a softness, a strange melancholy.

The air was mild, perfumed with fresh flowers which, on this first warm day, grew as strongly fragrant as violets in a lady's muffs.

Through its lofty windows half-opened, the place in which they were, drew in all this intoxication of odors. Without, they heard the Sabbath organs, distant calls upon the river, and nearer, in the garden, the amorous and languid voice of Madame Dobson, which sighed out:

"On dit que tu te maries."

Tu sais que j'en puis mourir—t-t-t!"

"Yes, Francis, I have always loved you," said Sidonie. "That love, which I renounced in the past because I was a young girl, and because young girls know not

assurance.

"You admit then that this man is your lover?"

"Not so fast! Further!"

Francis looked at her for a moment without a word. She also had grown pale, despite her cunning, and her eternal little smile no longer fluttered about the corner of her mouth.

Then, he broke out:

"Hear me well, Sidonie. My brother's name, that name which he has given to his wife, is also mine. Since Risler is mad enough, blind enough to permit you to dishonor it, it is for me to defend it from your attacks. Now, I swear to you that I will warn M. Fromont that he must change his mistress on the instant, and that he must seek his ruin elsewhere. If not—"

"If not?" demanded Sidonie, who whilst he had been speaking had not ceased to play with her ring.

"If not, I will reveal to my brother what is taking place in his household, and you will be surprised at Risler whom you will then discover to be so violent, so formidable as he is ordinarily inoffensive."

My revelation will kill him perhaps, but you may rest assured that he will kill you first!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, let him kill me! What difference will that make to me?"

This was said with an air so crushed, so detached from everything, that Francis, in spite of himself, felt a little pity for this beautiful creature, young, happy, who spoke of death with such self-abandonment.

"You love him strongly, then?" said he in a voice already somewhat softened. "You love him strongly then, this Fromont, since you would rather die than give him up?"

She drew herself up quickly.

"What? Love that body, that gawdy, that silly girl in men's clothes? You should know better! I took him as I would have taken another."

"Why?"

"Because it was necessary, because I was beside myself, because I had in my heart and still have there a criminal passion that I wish to tear out, no matter at what cost!"

She had arisen and had uttered these words, her eyes looking in his eyes.

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what they do; that have nothing but been able either to gain or to lose in me. When I learned that Dobson loved you also, she so unfortunate, so deprived of pleasure, in a great access of generosity I wished to make the happiness of her life by sacrificing my own, and at once I repented you that you might go to her. Ah, since you have been far away, I have comprehended that the sacrifice was beyond my strength. Poor little Dobson! How I have counted her in the bottom of my heart. Will you believe it?—since that time I have avoided seeing her, meeting her. The sight of her gave me too much pain."

"But, if you loved me, why did you marry my brother?"

She replied without the least confusion:

"Why did I marry Risler? 'Twas to bring me near to you. I said to myself: 'I cannot be his wife. Well, I will become his sister. At least, as such, it will be permitted me to love him still, and we shall not pass all our lives as strangers to each other.' Alas, those were but the innocent dreams in which we indulge at twenty years of age and the worthlessness of which experience very quickly shows us. I could not love you as a sister, Francis; neither could I forget you, my marriage prevented that. With another husband, I might have perhaps accomplished it, but with Risler it was terrible. He talked to me constantly of you, of your success, of your future. Francis had said this, Francis had done that. He loves you so much, the poor fellow. And besides, which was the most cruel for me, your brother resembles you. There is in your walk, in your features a family likeness, in your voices above all, since often I have closed my eyes as he crossed me, saying inwardly: 'This is 'Tis Francis!'"

When I saw that this guilty thought had become a torment, an evil possession, I sought to draw myself from it. I consented to listen to this George who had long pursued me, to change my life, to make it noisy, agitated. But, I swear to you, Francis, that in this whirlpool of pleasure into which I have cast myself, I have never ceased to think of you, and if anybody has the right to come here to demand of me an account of my conduct, certes, it is not you, who, without wishing it, have made me what I am!"

She ceased.

Francis did not dare to look at her any longer. In the past moment he had found her too beautiful, too desirable. She was his brother's wife.

Neither did he dare to speak. The unhappy man felt that his former passion had reinstalled itself despotically in his heart, and that now, looks, words, all that might spring from him would be love.

And she was his brother's wife!

"Ah, we are wretched, wretched," said the poor judge letting himself sink beside her on the divan.

These few words were already a haecumen, a commencement of abandonment, as if Destiny in showing herself so cruel had taken from him the force to defend himself.

Sidonie had placed her hand in his: "Francis, Francis!" and they remained there beside each other, silent and passionate, lulled by the romance of Madame Dobson which came to them by fits through the trees:

"Ton amour est ma folie, Helas! Je n'en puis guère—t-t-t!"

Suddenly the great bulk of Risler appeared before the door.

"Here, Chebe, here. They are in the pavilion."

And at the same time the good man entered, escorted by his father-in-law, and his mother-in-law, whom he had been to seek.

There was a moment of effusion and of innumerable huggings. It was a sight to see with what a protecting arm M. Chebe examined the tall youth who stood a head and shoulders above him:

"Well, my young one, does the Suez Canal get on to suit you?"

Madame Chebe, for whom Francis had always remained a little her future son-in-law, embraced him with all her might, whilst Risler, maladroited as ever in his gaieties and his expansions, made great gestures upon the steps, talked of killing several fatted calves for the return of the prodigal son, and in a noisy voice, which resounded in all the neighboring gardens, cried out to the singing teacher:

"Madame, Dobson, Madame, Dobson, without commanding you, what you are singing is too sorrowful. Satan take expression for to-day. Play us rather something right lively, suitable for dancing, whilst I lead Madame Chebe in a waltz."

"Risler, Risler, are you mad? My son-in-law!"

"Come, come, mother, you must—hop!"

Heavily, around the walks, he drew, in an automatic waltz a *six temps*, a true waltz of Vaucanson, his mother-in-law out of breath, who stopped at each step to restore to her habitual order the untied strings of her cap and the lace of her shawl, her beautiful shawl of Sidonie's wedding.

He was drunk with joy, this poor Risler. For Francis, this was a long and never to be forgotten day of anguish. Carriage ride, trip on the water, lunch on the grass on the Ile des Ravageurs, they did not spare him a single one of the charms of Anieres; and all the time, in the hot sun of the highway, in the reflection of the waves, he was forced to laugh, gossip, tell of his voyage, talk of the lathums of Suez, of the works undertaken, hear the secret complaints of M. Chebe always furious against his children, the details of his brother concerning the printing press. Rotary, my dear Francis, rotary and dodocagon! Sidonie left these

gentlemen to chat among themselves and seemed absorbed in deep meditations. From time to time, she threw a word, a smile to Madame Dobson, and Frantz, without daring to look directly at her, followed the movements of her parasol hand with blue, the flow of her robe.

How beautiful she had become! How beautiful she had become!

There were some to his horrible thoughts. There were some to his horrible thoughts. There were some to his horrible thoughts.

Sidonie remembered those creatures. She herself might have thus driven George's carriage; for Frantz was in George's carriage. He had drunk George's wine. All the luxury that the family enjoyed came from George.

It was shameful, revolting. He had wished to cry out to his brother. It was his duty, having come expressly for that purpose. But he had no longer the courage.

Ah, the unfortunate! Ah, the unfortunate!

In the evening after dinner, in the salon open to the fresh air of the river, Risler asked his wife to sing. He desired that she should show to Frantz all her fine talents.

Leaving upon the piano, Sidonie made caresses with a soft, white, with Madame Dobson, smiling, shaking her long curls.

"But I know nothing. What do you want me to sing?"

She, however, finally decided for herself. Frantz, disenchanted, turned away above things in the trembling light of the wax candles which seemed to burn perfume, so fragrant were the traces and the hyacinths of the garden, she began a French song very popular in Louisiana and which Madame Dobson herself had translated for the voice and the piano.

"Frantz, petit Mam'zelle Zizi, C'est l'amour, l'amour qui m'a fait une si belle Zizi."

And in telling the history of that unhappy little Zizi, whom passion had driven to madness, Sidonie had put the air of a Tenebris girl. With what touching expression, what air of wounded love she took up that refrain so melancholy and so soft to hear in the intimate parlors of the colonies!

"C'est l'amour, l'amour qui m'a fait une si belle Zizi."

He also had enough to drive him mad, the unhappy judge.

But no! The judge had ill-chosen her romance. At the name alone of Mam'zelle Zizi, Frantz found himself transported all at once to a sorrowful chamber of the Marais, very far from the salon of Sidonie, and the pity of his heart called up the image of that little Desirée Delobelle who had loved him for so long. Up to fifteen years of age, they had only called her Zizi or Zia, and she was truly the "petit Zizi" of the French song, the lover always forsaken, always faithful. The other had used to sing now, Frantz no longer heard her, no longer saw her. He was away beside the great arm-chair, upon the little low seat on which he had watched so often whilst awaiting the father. Yes, safety was there for him, nowhere else than there. He must take refuge in the love of that child, whom himself impudently before her, as to her: "Take care, take care!" And who knew? She loved him so much. Perhaps she would save him, would cure him of his culpable passion.

"Where are you going?" demanded Risler, seeing his brother rise precipitately, as soon as the last flourish was ended.

"I must return—it is late."

"How! You will not sleep here? But your chamber is ready."

"All ready," added Sidonie with a singular look.

He excused himself excitedly. His presence in Paris was indispensable for certain very important missions with which the Company had charged him. They strove still to retain him, until he was already in the antechamber, had traversed the garden in the moonlight, and among all the noises of Anisiers, had started for the depot on a run.

When he had gone, Risler ascended to his chamber, Sidonie and Madame Dobson lingered at the windows of the salon. The music of the neighboring Casino came to them with the "Oleg" of the barman and the sound of the dances like a tambourine movement rhythmic and hollow.

"He will give us trouble!" said Madame Dobson.

"Oh, I have checked him!" responded Sidonie; "but I must be careful. I shall be closely watched now. He is so jealous. I shall write to Cauboni not to come any more for some time; and to-morrow morning, you must tell George to go spend fifteen days at Savigny."

III.

"PAU! PETIT MAM'ZELLE ZIZI."

Oh, but Desirée was happy! Frantz came every day to seat himself at her feet as in the old times upon the little low chair, and it was no longer to talk to her of Sidonie.

In the morning, as soon as she went to work, she saw the door half open softly: "Good day, Mam'zelle Zizi." He always called her thus now, by her little girl name, and how prettily too he said: "Good day, Mam'zelle Zizi!"

In the evening, they waited for the "father" together, and whilst she worked, he made her tremble with the recital of his voyages.

"What is the matter with you?" You are no longer the same creature," said Mother Delobelle to her, astonished to see her so gay and above all so excited. The fact is that instead of remaining as formerly without ceasing fastened in her arm-chair with the resignation of a young grandmother, the little lame girl rose up at each instant, went towards the window with a bound as if she had been endowed with wings, strove to stand on her feet, very straightly, asking in a low voice of her mother:

"Can they see that when I do not walk?"

From her pretty little head where it had concentrated itself until now in the arrangement of her head-dress, her country spread itself over her entire person, like her long hair, curly and fine, when she looked at it. She was very, very coquettish at present, and every body noticed it. The birds and bugs for ornaments had themselves a little air altogether peculiar.

Oh yes! Desirée Delobelle was happy! For some days M. Frantz had talked of going all together to the country, and as the father, always so good, so generous, had consented to a day's leave of absence for the ladies, they departed all four one Sunday morning.

It is impossible to say how fine the weather was that day. When Desirée opened her window at six o'clock, when in the morning mist she saw the sun already warm and bright, when she thought of all the delicious nature that she had not seen for so long and which she was going to see on the arm of Frantz, the tears rose

to her eyes. The bells which sounded, the noises of Paris mounting already from the pavements of the streets, the dressing-up for Sunday—that fate of the poor—which lighted even the shades of the small coal flames, all the signs of that exceptional morning were taken by her longingly and desirously.

The evening before, Frantz had brought her a parasol, a little parasol with an ivory handle, with that, she had arranged a toilet very neat, but very simple, as became a poor little infirm one who wished to pass without being seen. And it is not enough to say that the poor little infirm one was charming.

At nine o'clock to the moment, Frantz arrived with a carriage for the day, and ascended to find his guests. Mam'zelle Zizi descended respectfully all alone, leaning upon the balcony, without hesitation.

Mother Delobelle came behind her, watching over her; and the illustrious actor, his overcoat upon his arm, went down before them with young Risler to open the coach door.

Oh, the splendid carriage ride, the fine country, the beautiful river, the handsome trees!

No need to ask her where it was; Desirée never knew. She could only say that the sun was more brilliant in that place than anywhere else, the birds more gay, the woods more profound; and she told the truth.

When very small, she had had sometimes such days of open air and of long country promenades. But later, constant toil, poverty, that sedentary life, so grateful to infirm people, had held her as if nailed in the old quarter of Paris that she inhabited, and of which the lofty roofs, the windows with iron balconies, the manufactory chimneys, glazing with the red of their not bricks upon the black walls of historic houses, had made for her a horizon always alike and sufficient. For a long time past she had in fact known no more of flowers except the ruscus of her window, no more of trees except the acacias of the Promenade manufactory dimly seen from afar in the smoke.

Therefore, what joy swelled her heart, when she found herself in the open country. Brightened up with all her pleasure and with her revived youth, she went from astonishment to astonishment, clasping her hands, uttering little bird-like cries; and the outburst of her innocent curiosity disguised the hesitation of her step. Positively, that did not allow her to walk too fast. Besides, Frantz was always there, ready to sustain her, to give her his hand to help her over the ditches, and so eager, his eyes so tender. That marvelous day passed like a dream. The great blue sky floating vapourously among the branches, those horizons of underwood, which stretch out at the foot of the trees, sheltered and mysterious, where the flowers grow straighter and higher, where the glided mosses seem rays of sun shine at the trunk of oaks, the bright surprise of the glades, all even to the lamplight of a day of walking in the open air, delighted and charmed her.

Towards evening, when on the borders of the forest, she saw—in the fading light—the white roads scattered about the country, the river like a thread of silver, and in the distance, at the separation of two hills, a log of grey roofs, of spires, of cupolas that they told her was Paris, she carried away with a look, in a corner of her memory, all that flowery landscape, perfumed with love and with June hawthorns, as if never, never more, would she see it again.

The bouquet which the little lame girl had brought back from that charming promenade perfumed her chamber for eight days. There was mixed in it among the hyacinths, the violets, the white thorn, a host of little tawny flowers, those flowers of the poor which flying seeds cause to grow a little everywhere on the edges of the highways.

In regarding those slender corolla pale blue, bright rose, all those shades so delicate which the flowers invented before the colorists, many times during these eight days, Desirée took again her promenade. The violets recalled to her the little tuft of moss from which she picked them, searched for under the leaves, twisting her fingers in those of Frantz. Those great water-droplets had been taken from the brink of a ditch all moist still from the winter rains, and to reach them, she had leaned heavily upon Frantz's arm, and those remembrances came back to her as she toiled. During this time, the sunlight, which entered by the open window, made the feathers of the birds sparkle. Spring, youth, songs, perfumes had transfused this sad work-room of the fifth floor, and Desirée said seriously to Mother Delobelle, as she smelled her friend's bouquet:

"Have you noticed, mother, how nice the flowers smell this year?"

And Frantz too began to be under the spell. Little by little Mam'zelle Zizi took possession of his heart and drove out even the remembrance of Sidonie. It is true that the judge did all he could to effect that. At all hours of the day he was beside Desirée, and clung to her like a child. Never once had he dared to remind her of Anisiers. The old still caused him too much fear.

"Come once and a while to our house—Sidonie implores you," said the good Risler to him from time to time, when he called on him at the manufactory. But Frantz persevered, urged all kinds of business to continually put off his visit until the morning. This was easy with Risler, more than ever occupied with his printing press, the manufactory of which he was about to commence.

Each time that Frantz descended from his brother's office, old Sigismond watched for him in the passage and took a few steps with him to the open air, in fine drugged sleeves, his pen and his penknife in his hand. He posted the young man on the affairs of the manufactory. For some time past, things had the air of moving better. M. George came regularly to his office and returned to sleep every night at Savigny. They presented to more bills at the counting-house. It appeared even that the Madame also kept herself more quiet.

The cashier was triumphant.

"You see, my boy, that I did well to put everything in order. 'Tis all the same," added the good man, carried away by habit, "in all the same—I have no confidence!"

"Do not fear, Monsieur Sigismond, I am on the spot," said the judge.

"You are not going away yet, are you, my dear Frantz?"

"No, no, not yet. I have an important affair to finish first."

"Ah, so much the better!"

Frantz's important affair was his marriage with Desirée Delobelle. He had not yet spoken of it to any one, not even to her; but Mam'zelle Zizi must have suspected something, for from day to day she had become gayer and prettier, as if she had foreseen that the moment would soon come in which she would have need of all her joy and of all her beauty.

They were alone in the workroom one Sunday afternoon. Mother Delobelle had gone out, filled with pride to show herself once on the arm of her great man, leaving Frantz with her daughter to keep her company. Carefully dressed, with a fine air spread over all his person, Frantz had that

day a singular look, at once timid and resolute, tender and solemn, and from the fashion alone in which the little low chair was put beside the great arm-chair, the great arm-chair comprehended that a very grave secret was about to be confided to it, and it suspected somewhat what it was. The conversation began at first with indifferent words which were interrupted at each instant by long periods of silence, as when one visits one's step at each station to take breath towards the end of the trip.

"The weather is fine to-day."

"Oh, very fine!"

"Such a beautiful still keeps its perfume."

And in turn pronouncing these words so simple, their voices were affected by that which was shortly to be said.

Finally the little low chair was drawn still a little nearer to the great arm-chair, and sitting at each other, their hands interlaced, the two young people called each other softly, slowly, by name:

"Desirée!"

At that moment there came a knock at the door.

It was the little, discreet knock of a finely gloved hand which feared to soil itself with the least contact.

"Come in!" said Desirée with a slight movement of impatience, and Sidonie appeared, beautiful, coquettish and good-humored. She had come to see her little Zizi, to embrace her in passing. For such a long while she had desired it.

Frantz's presence seemed to astonish her greatly, and in all the joy of chatting with her old friend, she scarcely looked at him. After effusions, caresses, kindly talks about past times, she wished to see again the window of the building, the lodgings of the Blom. That was what amused her in reviving their old story.

"Do you remember, Frantz, when the Princess Orléans came into your chamber, her little hand held over beneath a dais of birds' feathers?"

Frantz did not reply. He was too much moved to reply. Something told him that this was his last chance to tell this woman how much he loved her, how much he loved her, to prevent him from belonging to another, and the unhappy man saw with terror that she would not have to make much effort to accomplish her will. At her very entrance, all his heart had been recognized.

Desirée suspected nothing. Sidonie had an air so frank, so friendly. And besides, now, they were brother and sister. There was no more passion possible between them. Nevertheless the little lame girl had a vague presentiment of evil, when Sidonie, already at the door, and prepared to depart, turned negligently to say to her brother-in-law:

"By the way, Frantz, I am charged by Risler to bring you to dine with us this evening. The carriage is below. We shall take up as usual the 'petit manufactory'."

Then, with the prettiest smile in the world:

"You will let us have him, will you not, Zizi? Rest easy, we will give him back to you."

And he had the courage to go, the ingrate!

He departed without hesitation, without turning back once, borne away by his passion as by a furious sea and neither that day, nor the following days, nor ever in the future could the great arm-chair of Mam'zelle Zizi discover what the little low chair had had of so much interest to impart to it.

IV.

THE WAITING ROOM.

As I told you, I have now—more than any man in the world—of waiting and of waiting. My waiting is stronger than any. After all, it is a crime for us to wait. We wait for the love of a woman. We wait for the love of a woman. We wait for the love of a woman.

Have we not the right to wait and wait? Have we not the right to wait and wait? Have we not the right to wait and wait?

Despite the fact which had surprised us, the lower end of the tendons being fastened, it is evident that if we shorten by nervous force the centre or portion of the muscle, one of two things must happen—either the forearm will be bent at the elbow, and the hand drawn towards the head, or, if the hand be clamping a beam overhead, the body will be drawn up towards the beam, the chin towards the head.

Now if we examine the fleshy part of the muscle anatomically (or any other muscles, for that matter) we shall find it does not consist simply of a red homogeneous mass, but of a whole collection of longitudinal fibres, joined together by a web-like tissue, called the areolar or connective tissue. In these you have only to bear in mind the minute ultimate fibres of the nerves, and the extreme ramifications of the blood-vessels, are spread out, the arteries conveying to them blood for their nourishment, and for that of the nerves which supply them with stimulus to action. The action of a muscle is to contract; in a state of contraction each individual fibre of the muscle is shortened, and being shortened, it is drawn up towards the head, the hand towards the head, the body towards the beam.

Now, to produce a healthy contraction of any muscle, three things are required—first, the fibres of the muscle must have an average degree of bulk or substance in them—that is, they must not be attenuated; secondly, the muscle must not be clogged with fat, but possess merely enough of this substance around it to retain the animal heat, and thirdly, there must be sufficient nervous force. Now, while on the one hand we know that good health is conjugate with a well-conditioned muscular system, it is pleasant on the other hand to remember that this can be attained by most of us by a course of carefully regulated bodily exercise; and also that the custom of taking judicious daily exercise has been proved, beyond a doubt, to tend to longevity.

Let me endeavor, then, in a few words to explain to the reader what the conditions of healthful beneficial exercise really are. In order to obtain good results from exercise, there are several things we must always bear in mind.

Exercise must be taken in moderation, and extend over a considerable time. "Spurts," and that amount of exercise which borders on fatigue, should be avoided. Whenever the body becomes tired, exertion, instead of being any longer of value as a tonic to the muscles, becomes a positive detriment, and results in evil not only to the muscular but to the nervous system as well.

A course of exercise, no matter what the kind of it is, ought to be begun and carried on by easy stages. Take the exercise of walking as an example. Here the strength should never be taxed, but the distance is to be increased day by day, till the person finds himself capable of performing a moderate journey in a reasonable time, and that distance ought to become his daily standard.

Do not forget that exercise is a tonic, and like all tonics, benefit is not to be expected from a single dose. Its effects are gradual; hence exercise should be taken with regularity. If you are a pedestrian, the same hour every day ought to find you enjoying your round of "pedal progression"; and you must never, if possible, omit it the one day and take it the next. Look upon your daily walk as a duty, and let neither rain nor sunshine, snow nor hail, keep you from performing it. Of course, I am supposing myself addressing those in ordinary health; and even they ought to protect themselves from inclement weather. Only, pray don't

ON HEALTHY EXERCISE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

It is curious how many persons one meets, almost daily, who seem entirely ignorant that a great difference exists between sedentary times, in fact, and muscular work. This is simply one more proof of how much a really useful education is neglected at our public schools. When the person is only found in the lower circles of life, we should not marvel so much, but it is just as often all the other way. I was fishing at one time in company with a well-to-do city merchant. It was with a feeling of pride that he made his own water, that he was a gentleman, having had occasion to take of his coat and roll his sleeves up, slapped himself on the forearm as he made the remark:

"Look there, doctor. You don't see the like of that every morning—eh? There's flesh for you. There's solidity."

It would have been a fine thing to see my patient have a chance to exercise his arm. I hesitated myself with a jack in scull. But there was positively not more solidity in his arm, strong though it looked, than there is in a bladder of lard, or a prize Yorkshire ham.

If this city merchant wished to acquire real muscle, he would have to begin at the beginning, by taking "off his flesh" and sitting in his bones. And still my friend is an obese man; not obese to all eyes, but terms of thousands of people we see going about their usual avocations, and flattering themselves with the idea that, so long as they have something to show, they are in excellent health. Were men of this sort to attempt to carry a sack of potatoes up an ordinary flight of stairs, the truth, I think, would soon manifest itself to them. Again, when such men come to the house for a few weeks with illness, how very quickly they go down-hill! This, for the simple reason that their bodies possess no staying power; for not only is the solidity of which they were erst so "manly" nearly all fat, but the little flesh with which it is mixed, so to speak, is poor, worthless, flabby stuff, and can no more be compared to the hard red muscle of youth than a telegraph wire.

Now how is a man to know when his muscles are in proper condition? Probing one's arm is hardly practicable. Well, I mean presently to try to explain to you what good muscle means, so that it will be as easy for you to tell it from the spurious stuff, as you can a silver half-crown from a piece of dross.

But I may as well mention here that it is always a suspicious sign when a man weighs either much over or much under the standard of weight with reference to height. In persons, too, whose muscles are flabby and overloaded with fat, you will usually find slight shortness of breath on exertion, clearly proving that the heart itself, which ought to be strongest muscle in the body, partakes in some measure of the general deterioration.

I must now beg the reader kindly to follow me, while I give a very simple description of muscular tissue. Muscle is simply flesh, to begin with—flesh apart from fat, remember. With the involuntarily muscles of the body, I have at present nothing to do. I deal at present with those muscles we voluntarily exercise. The biceps of the arm, which we all know, is a very good example of a simple voluntary muscle. In the middle there is the red fleshy part; at either end it is sheathed in strong fibrous tissue, which ends in tendons; these tendons are fastened, the lower in the forearm, the upper in the shoulder. Now, the lower end of the tendons being fastened, it is evident that if we shorten by nervous force the centre or portion of the muscle, one of two things must happen—either the forearm will be bent at the elbow, and the hand drawn towards the head, or, if the hand be clamping a beam overhead, the body will be drawn up towards the beam, the chin towards the head.

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patronize India rubber emperors; also have respirators to quiet repose in the chemist's shop-window.

Never hurry your exercise. With the exception of getting out of the way of a mad bull, and one or two other odds and ends, everything in this world is better done leisurely.

The time at which exercise should be taken is of the considerable importance. It ought to be, as nearly as possible, the same time every day. One should never take hard exercise either immediately before or after a heavy meal. I should be inclined to Dr. Abernethy's advice, and say, "Wait for three hours after dinner."

Always take your exercise in the open air. Exercise ought to be taken in clothes which are neither too cumbersome nor too hot; and, if heated in the intervals of rest, be very careful you do not catch cold.

Work is not exercise. This may seem strange, but it is true. I tell my patients, "I do not care how much you run about all day at your business, you must take the exercise I prescribe quite independently of your work." There are perhaps no more hard-working men in the world than the Scottish ploughmen—wearily plodding all day long behind their horses, in wet weather or dry; no sooner, however, has the sun "gone west the lock," and the day's work is done, than, after supper and a good wash, those hardy lads assemble in the glen, and not only dance, but often three good hours keep up the health-giving game for which their nation is so justly celebrated.

It is of paramount importance that you should bear in mind what I am now going to say. Very kindly do so, reader, or I shall have written this paper in vain.

I have endeavored to show you that work is not exercise; do your utmost, therefore, to prevent your exercise becoming work. If all that were expected of exercise were merely the increasing the bulk and firmness of the muscles, then a course of dumb-bells, and the performance of a few gymnastic feats daily, would be all that would be required. But proper exercise is meant not only to strengthen the muscles, but the nerves as well, and the brain and mind also. Consequently your mind must go along with the exercise of the body. A long walk with a book will not do you one-half the good that half the distance walked with a genial friend would. My advice then is, choose what or which form of exercise you please; I do not care whether it be lawn-tennis, quoits, walking, or riding, but it must be something which interests you. If you do your exercise as you would do penance, you are merely deceiving yourself.

THE PROFESSOR'S BLUNDER.

The Herr Professor sat by an open window overlooking the Marktplatz. There came a summer of many voices, as one clock a military band; but he heard them not, for his thoughts were far away. The Herr Professor was not old; on the contrary, he was young and handsome.

A knock came to the door. "Herr Michels' compliments, and has sent for an article for the magazine."

The Professor turned over the papers on the table and snatching up a packet gave it to the printer's boy, who immediately vanished.

The following week Herr Professor Rittmann, found himself reading a paper with his signature attached to it. He did not remember writing it, and yet it was all familiar to him.

"I must have written it unconsciously whilst I was smoking," said the absent Herr Professor. "There is no one who would sign with my signature." And he was further confirmed in this opinion by a note from the editor, including payment for his excellent Christmas paper. The Herr Professor rubbed his hands, and hummed a verse of an old Volkslied—

"And as he turned again homeward, His resolution came at the door, God's blessing upon thee, my darling! We will make each other more."

Yes, he should go home in a few days, and perhaps realize the joys he had depicted in the sketch, which was the Professor's dream, an involuntary effort of the brain, the unconscious acting of the imagination, or, as the poetman brought him a letter, which he opened and read as follows:

"Dear, treacherous Honorat, do not think I can forgive such baseness. Remember, I will see you or speak to you."

"What have I done now?" said Professor Rittmann. "Is this another case of involuntary writing, and has my hand posted a letter whose contents I do not read?"

It was so near Christmas that the Professor did not answer the letter. He could not give an explanation, simply because he knew of none to make.

"I will see Annenchen, and she will tell me what the letter means."

Annenchen and Fritz were at the door, watching the moon as it sailed through the fleecy clouds.

"Annenchen!" said the Herr Professor. But at the sound of his voice, she turned and fled.

"Fritz," said the perplexed lover, "what is the matter?"

"Come in, Fritz," cried Annenchen from the house.

"I have brought thee a pipe, Fritz, the loveliest blue and gold, with a fair girl's face painted on it, fit to be thy heart's darling."

A slender finger darted from the house, and dashed the pipe to the ground, where it broke in pieces.

"Touch not his gifts, my brother; he is dishonest!"

"Dishonest! Annenchen! Dishonest!" But the Herr Professor got no further in his speech. Annenchen drew Fritz into the house, and the door was closed; and Herr Honorat Rittmann went sorrowfully homeward.

"I don't believe it's anything," replied Fritz, when he was questioned, "and if you want to speak to Annenchen, come to-night when the rest have gone to the concert, and I will let you in."

"That's a good youth, Fritz," returned the Professor. "I have sent for another pipe for thee."

Annenchen was putting the last stitches into a pair of embroidered slippers.

"They were for Honorat," she murmured, "but he is so mean, so base."

"What have I done, Annenchen?" Annenchen gave a slight scream, for the Professor was beside her; his hand was on her arm.

"What is it, Annenchen? At least, let me know of what I am accused?"

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WHAT TO DO WITH BOYS.

What to do with boys, is one of the problems that occupies the thoughts of parents for many an anxious hour. Right decision of the question has given many the start in life which has led to eminence, perhaps a far greater number by mistaken judgment have heavily weighted the young man for his future career.

The decision should not be made arbitrarily. It is greatly unwise to fix upon some calling or profession merely because it seems to be a desirable one. The law, the ministry and medicine are overrun with incompetents who were destined to their profession because fond parents thought the calling respectable and remunerative.

The first point to be determined is, has the boy any special natural talent or aptitude which indicates what he can do best. If he have such a bias, nature has decided in advance the work for which he is intended. It will be cruelty to thwart the bent of his disposition, provided, of course it be in a healthy direction. Better an enthusiastic mechanic than a drudge of a professional man, whatever the wealth of the parents. His own life will be easier, fuller of enjoyment, and his influence for good incomparably greater than they could become in any calling repugnant to him.

But the average boy shows a natural predilection for no work. He would be content without any trade or business if circumstances would permit his idleness. It is almost a fatal error to allow such a choice to be made. Work is the price of manhood. Insist upon it that the boy do something for himself; that he earn a living, no matter though he is to become a millionaire by inheritance. In such a case he will need more than ever to learn the worth of money and how to take care of it, by having learned how much a dollar costs.

Ordinarily, however, it is a blessed necessity that the boy shall make his own way in the world. Let him enter upon the first opening that presents itself where he can have a fair opportunity, and teach him to do his best in it. If he be encouraged to faithfulness, his time for advancement and wider opportunity will surely come. Everybody is on the lookout for young men with steady purpose and honest industry, and these can be made habitual in any respectable calling.

PRIZES IN SCHOOLS.

If the business of a teacher were to get as much knowledge as possible in a given time into the mind of the pupil, many expedients now resorted to, would be commendable. But such is not his proper work; for a more than it is the right course for any nurse to feed the child's stomach. Her calling is to rear the child; to so minister to his physical wants, that he shall increase in stature and in strength. The teacher's true work is to aid in developing the mental powers; to make the boy more eager for knowledge, quicker of apprehension and a more cogent reasoner.

Stimulation by prizes retards rather than forwards the proper work of education. It is a practical way of saying to the boy "the rewards of learning are insufficient; it is a task for which extra compensation is to be awarded." The pupil's thoughts are fixed on the medal; he strives for that, and the lessons are considered important only as a means to the coveted end. It is wrong in principle and injurious in practice.

The young are eager to learn; they are never tired of making new discoveries suited to their limited capacities. They are always ready with questions on subjects within their ken. It is for the skillful teacher to guide this natural appetite for instruction; to keep it healthful and active by carefully presenting proper subjects for the child's thought; by teaching him to investigate for himself; to enlarge his sphere of search, and to let him enjoy the proper rewards of such investigation in the pleasure which such new discovery brings. A boy trained in this way does not need the stimulus of the medal

or of the birch. So long as he really desires to know, he will exert himself to find out; if he have not an appetite for the mental food presented, it will only sicken him and dwarf his powers, to crowd it down his unwilling apprehension sugared over with rewards, or to force it there by punishment.

Appeals to ambition will cultivate the spirit of ambition, they will not develop love of learning; and vanity and love of superiority which are the motives usually addressed in prize-giving, are not so dormant in the nature of most children as to need special stimulus.

We would unhesitatingly banish the prize and the rod from every schoolroom, and rely upon the method indicated by the nature of the child. It may not show as immediate results, or present so attractive a display on examination days, but the gain will be sure, and when the real test of power comes in practical life, the boy will pass the prize-takers with ease, on the road to success.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION.

"Ever since Eve ate the apple..."
We object. That apple has been thrust down the throats of people long enough. It may be heresy not to swallow it; if so, then heresy goes for heresy and new light.

This is not a battle on behalf of Eve; everybody knows she was tempted and yielded; that her descendants have proved their legitimacy by going and doing likewise, and that they have done it so long that they love to do it. In fact we have all come to love Eve for giving us so good an excuse for enjoying our sins, although it is not, perhaps, just the thing to own up in this fashion; but this is not a fashion article; it relates to a fruit.

We know very well that apples are no contemptible fruit; that they exhibit very tempting qualities in their very young applehood. An average boy will walk further, climb higher, lie harder, and tempt providence generally with greater recklessness in pursuit of green apples, than for almost any other delight.

Perhaps the theory of the original unfortunate apple-eating took its rise from this very fact, supposing that the peculiar fascination of the fruit has descended with its other qualities.

But remember, Eve was no boy; bear in mind too that the apples of olden time were but the faintest hints of possibilities.

As described by Piny, one of the earliest naturalists, the apple was a small fruit growing on a thorn bush, answering to our wild thorn apple. The glorious Summer Bough, a golden globe of perfumed sunshine, the rich Baldwin, lucious Spitzenberg, tempting Greening, melting Swaar; these were then only dreams of the future, indulged by some daring poet of a thorn bush catching its inspiration from the fragrance of its own blossoms of a May morning, to be wrought out by centuries of culture. Had Eve once tasted the original apple, Adam, warned by her sad grimaces would have fled in terror.

Don't ask, "what fruit was it then, if not the apple?" We do not pretend to be wiser than the Scriptures which leave the question unanswered. Our task ends with relieving the apple from the groundless obloquy which fanciful theology has cast upon it, and a warning against hastily accepting unfavorable conclusions from unstained assertions.

THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

Spoiled in cooking or in the serving, is the fate of many an otherwise toothsome dish. A juicy roast on a greasy dish, or steaming joints fit for an epicure, placed on a table covered with an uncleanly cloth, lose half their attractiveness; the attention of any but a gross feeder is fastened upon the repulsive feature of the entertainment, and his appetite weakens.

It is only when all the senses harmonize that any one of them can be used with fullness of pleasure. The palate loses enjoyment if the eye be offended; music is less attractive in an apartment where noisome odors prevail; pictures fail to please in presence of discordant sounds. The attention is distracted, the perceptions are confused, and in the mixture of pleasurable and disagreeable sensations, the latter unpleasantly assert themselves.

These facts are of wide application, extending beyond the mere gratification of the senses, although they are well worth considering in this relation alone, so much enjoyment in life depends on their exercise. In the external and internal fitting-up of the homestead they are especially worthy of attention. A cheerful approach to the door; a pleasing impression made by a neat inviting looking hall; furniture, drapery and ornaments properly and harmoniously arranged, will heighten the joys of love itself in the household. Who can be thoroughly satisfied, when a glance through the window reveals details of the family washing, the horrors of the garbage-box in the adjacent yard? Everybody can recall some unpretending cottage, where by simple harmony of surroundings and appointments, more of brightness was diffused than could be imparted by the most dazzling display of mere wealth.

In the same direction lies the secret of dressing attractively. Neatness and harmony are at the foundation of all true taste. A highly-colored necktie may give a local appearance to a whole sober suit; the peeping out of a slovenly skirt will destroy the effect of the richest toilette.

Equally applicable is this principle to the way of doing things. The "No" of a kind-hearted man whose manner is inspired by his goodness, is less offensive than the gruff or snappish "yes" of a boor. Truth may be lived at a man in such a way as to arouse his anger, or it may be calmly presented so as to win his attention and acquiescence. In short, the way of doing it, may defeat the best action, and any and all things are most effective when properly presented.

THE TREE OF TIME.

BY CHARLES S. LARSEN.

As the days fall off from the tree of Time,
To lie in the West like gold,
Our forms beneath its shade divine,
At last all gray and old.

To look upon the earth with eyes
Which only saw how bare
The desolated boughts to memories
Of spring's bright blossoming year!

'Twas then the little laughing child,
Caught first the birth's glad day,
Fluttering down at play with
In one gold leaf at play!

In bloom of summer fell the fruit,
From Time's young tree for life!
A man charged by Love's love-lute,
Walked youth's sweet blushing life!

These lived to watch the changing leaves,
But died in that last night
Which saw them cluster round the graves,
And saw the tree's last leaf die!

The tree of Time, although so fair,
Must never grow to die,
Yet blooms it ever green above,
In gardens mid the sky!

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

CHAPTER I.

HER TEMPTATION.

"He is a sinner!" said the gentleman.
"He is my husband," answered the lady.
Not much in either sentence, yet both came from bursting hearts and lips panting pale.

"Is that your answer, Barbara?"
"The only answer God and man will suffer me to give you."

"And he is to break your heart—and squander your earnings on his low vices—keep you shut up in this shabby lodging while all the town is raving about your beauty and your genius—and you are to have no redress, no escape?"

"Yes," she answered with a look that thrilled him; "I shall escape him—in my coffin. My wrongs will have redress—at the Day of Judgment."

"Barbara, he is killing you."
"Don't you think that the greatest kindness he has ever shown me?"

The gentleman began to pace the room distractedly. The lady turned to the tall narrow glass over the chimney-piece, with a curious look, half-mourning, half-scornful.

She was contemplating the beauty which was said to have set the town raving. What did that tarnished mirror show her? A small pale face, wan and wasted by studious nights and a heavy burden of care, dark shadows about dark eyes, but such eyes! They seemed, in this cold light of day, too black and large and brilliant for the small white face; but at night, in the lamp-lit theatre, with a patch of rouge under the cheek, and the light of genius burning in them, they were the most dazzling, soul-enrapturing eyes man had ever seen; or so said the cognate, Horace Walpole among them; and Mrs. Barbara Stowell was the last fashion at Covent Garden Theatre.

It was only her second season on those famous boards, and her beauty and talent still were the bloom of novelty. The town had never seen her by daylight. She never drove in the Ring, or appeared at a fashionable auction, or mystified her admirers at a masquerade in the Pantheon, or drank wine in St. James's Park—in a word, she went nowhere—and the town had invented twenty stories to account for this secluded existence. Yet no one had guessed the truth, which was sadder than the most distant fiction that had floated down the idle stream of London gossip. Barbara Stowell kept aloof from the world for three reasons—first, because her husband was a tyrant and a ruffian, and left her without a penny—secondly, because her heart was broken—thirdly, because she was dying.

This last reason was only known to herself. No stethoscope had sounded that aching breast—no stately physician, with eye-glass and gold-headed cane, and chariot and footman, had been called in to testify in scientific language to the progress of the destroyer—but Barbara Stowell knew very well that her days were numbered, and that her span of life was of the briefest.

She was not in the first freshness of her youth. Three years ago she had been a country parson's daughter, leading the peaceful, happiest, obscurest life in a Hertfordshire village—when, as ill-luck would have it, she came to London to visit an aunt who was in business there as a milliner, and at this lady's house met Jack Stowell, an actor of small parts at Covent Garden—a cold-hearted rascal with a fine person, a kind of surface cleverness which had a vast effect upon simple people, and ineffable conceit. He had the usual idea of the unsuccessful actor, that his manager was his only enemy, and that the town was languishing to see him play Romeo, and Douglas, and the whole string of youthful heroes. He loved her subordinate position as a milliner; and he sought consolation from drink and play, and was about as profligate a specimen of his particular genus as could be found in the purlieus of Bow Street. But he knew how to make himself agreeable in society, and passed for a "mighty pretty fellow."

He had the art of being sentimental too on cold beer, and the business of the house brought her near him, with a tender intelligence that told him he was understood.

If John Stowell should sue for a divorce, so much the better, thought Philip. He could then make his beloved Lady Hazlemere, and let the world see the crowning glory of his life. He was so deeply in love that he thought it would be everlasting news to have won Barbara. He would go down to posterity famous as the husband of the loveliest woman of his time; like that Duke of Devonshire, of whom the world knows so little except that he had a beautiful Duchess.

One day Sir Philip Hazlemere took courage, emboldened by some new tale of Jack Stowell's brutality—and got himself introduced to the presence of his beloved. She was shocked at first and very angry; but his deep respect melted her wrath, and for the first time in her life Barbara learnt how reverential, how humble, real love is. It was no bold seducer who had forced himself into her presence, but a man who pitied and honored her, and who would have deemed it a small thing to shed his blood for her sake.

He was no stranger to her, though she had never heard his voice till to-day. She had seen him in the theatre—night after night—and had divined that it was some strange feeling that love of the drama which held him riveted to the same spot, listening to the same play, however often it might be repeated in the shifting repertoire of those days.

She knew that he loved her, and that earnest look of his had touched her deeply. What was it now for her, who had never known a good man's love, to hear him offer the devotion of a lifetime, and see humbly for the devotion to carry her away from a life which was most abject misery?

Her heart thrilled as she heard him. Yes, this was true love—this was the glory and grace of life which she had missed. She could measure the greatness of her loss,

know not what womanly purity meant, a wretch who existed only for self-gratification, and whose love for her had been little more than the fancy of an hour.

He lost no time in teaching her all he knew of his art. She had real genius, was fond of study, and soon discovered that he knew very little. She had her own ideas about all those heroines of which he only knew the merest conventionalities and traditions. She sat late into the night studying, while he was drinking and punning in some low tavern. Her sorrows, her disappointments, her disgusts, drove her to the study of the drama for consolation and temporary forgetfulness. These heroines of tragedy, who were all miserable, seemed to sympathize with her own misery. She became passionately fond of her art before ever she had trodden the stage.

Jack Stowell took his wife to Rich, and asked for an engagement. Had Barbara been an ordinary woman, the manager would have given her a subordinate place in his troupe, and a pittance of twenty shillings a week. But her exceptional beauty struck the managerial eye. He had half-a-dozen geniuses in his company, but their good looks were on the wane. This young face, these Italian eyes, would attract the town—and the town had been leaning a little towards the rival house lately.

"I'll tell you what, Stowell," said the manager, "I should like to give your wife a chance. But to take any hold upon the public, she must appear in a leading part. I couldn't trust her till she has learnt the A B C of her profession. She must try her success in the provinces."

They were standing at noon on the great stage at Covent Garden. The house was almost in darkness, and the vast circle of boxes shrouded in linen wrappings had a ghastly look that chilled Barbara's soul. What a little creature she seemed to herself in that mighty arena! Could she ever stand there and pour out her soul in the sorrows of Juliet, or the Duchess of Malfi, or Isabella, as she had done so often before the looking-glass in her dingy lodging?

"Jack," she said, as they were walking home—she had been unusually kind to her this morning—"I can't tell you what an awful feeling that great, dark, cold theatre gave me. I felt as if I was standing in my tomb."

"That shows what a little goose you are," retorted Jack contemptuously. "do you think anybody is going to give you such a big tomb as that?"

Mrs. Stowell appeared at the Theatre Royal, Bath, and tried her wings, as the manager called it, with marked success. There could be no doubt that she had the divine fire, a genius and bent so decided, that her lack of experience went for nothing—and she worked like a slave, and threw her soul, mind, heart—her whole being—into this new business of her life. She lived only to act. What else had she to live for, with a husband who came home tipsy three or four nights out of the seven, and whose infidelities were notorious?

She came to London the following winter, and took the town by storm. Her genius, her beauty, her youth, her purity, were on every tongue. She received almost as many letters as a prime minister in that first season of success—but it was found out in due time that she was inaccessible to flattery, and the fops and fribbles of her day ceased their persecutions.

Among so many who admired her and so many who were eager to pursue, there was only one who discovered her need of pity and pitied her.

This was Sir Philip Hazlemere, a young man of fashion and fortune—neither fop nor fribble—but a man of cultivated mind and intense feeling.

He saw, admired, and ere long, adored the new actress—but he did not approach her, as the others did, with fulsome letters which insulted her understanding, or costly gifts which offended her honor.

He held himself aloof, and loved in silence—for the instinct of his heart told him that she was virtuous. But he was human, and his sense of honor could not altogether stifle hope. He found out where she lived, bought over the lodging-house keeper to his interest, and contrived to learn a great deal more than the well-informed world knew about Barbara Stowell.

He was told that her husband was a wretch, and ill-used her; that this brilliant beauty, who alone and sparkled by night like a star, was by daylight a wan and faded woman, haggard with sorrow and tears. If he had loved her before, when the history of her life was unknown to him, he loved her doubly now, and, taking hope from all that he knew of her life, he determined to win her to the winds and determined to win her.

Could she be worse off, he asked himself, than she was now—the slave of a low-born profligate—the darling of an idle, gaping crowd—scorned and neglected at home, where a woman should be paramount? He was rich and his own master—there was all the bright glad world before him. He would take her to Italy, and live and die with her, and be content and happy in the blessing of her sweet companionship. He had never touched her hand, never spoken to her; but he had lived for the last six months only to see and hear her, and it seemed to him that he knew every thought of her mind, every impulse of her heart. Had he not seen those lovely eyes answer his fond looks sometimes, as he hung over her cold beer, and the business of the house brought her near him, with a tender intelligence that told him he was understood?

If John Stowell should sue for a divorce, so much the better, thought Philip. He could then make his beloved Lady Hazlemere, and let the world see the crowning glory of his life. He was so deeply in love that he thought it would be everlasting news to have won Barbara. He would go down to posterity famous as the husband of the loveliest woman of his time; like that Duke of Devonshire, of whom the world knows so little except that he had a beautiful Duchess.

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Her heart thrilled as she heard him. Yes, this was true love—this was the glory and grace of life which she had missed. She could measure the greatness of her loss,

now that it was too late. She saw what pitiful thing she had mistaken for pure gold. But, though every impulse of her heart drew her to this devoted lover, her pride would not let her. She did not refuse him permission to see her again. He might come sometimes, but it must be on terms, and the hour in which he should come, and the respect due to her as a true and loyal wife would be the hour that parted them forever.

"My life is so lonely!" she said, self-exquisitely, after having accorded this permission; "it will be a comfort to me to see you now and then, for a brief half-hour, and to know that there is some one in this great busy world who pities and cares for me."

She had one reason for granting Sir Philip's prayer, which would have well-nigh broken her heart could he have guessed it. This was her inward conviction that her life was near its close. There was hardly time for temptation between the present hour and the grave. And every day seemed to carry her further from the things and thoughts of earth. Her husband's cruelty stung her more keenly than of old—his own degradation, which had been the heaviest part of her burden, seemed further away from her—as if he and she lived in different worlds. Her stage triumphs, which had once intoxicated her, now seemed unreal as the pageant of a dream. Yes, the ties that bind this weak flesh to earthly joys and suffering were gradually loosening. The fetters were slipping of this weary clay.

CHAPTER II.

HER AVERAGE.

Sir Philip showed himself not undeserving Barbara's confidence. He came to the London lodgings—a caravan of shabby genteel adventures for the last twenty years, and whose dingy panelling seemed to exhale an odor of poverty. He brought his idol hot-house flowers and fruits—the weekly papers—those thin little leaflets which amused our ancestors—a new book now and then—and the latest news of the town—that floating gossip of the clubs, which Walpole was writing to Sir Horace Mann. He came and sat beside her, as she worked at her tambour frame, and cheered her by a tenderness too reverent to alarm. In a word, he made her happy.

If she were slowly fading out of life, he did not see the change or guess that this fair flower was soon to wither. He saw her too frequently to perceive the gradual progress of decay. Her beauty was of ethereal type, to which disease lent new charms.

One day he found her with an ugly bruise upon her forehead; she had tried to conceal it with the loose ringlets of her dark hair, but his quick eye saw the mark. When pressed hard by his solicitous questioning, she gave a somewhat lame account of the matter. She had been passing from the sitting-room to her bed-chamber last night, when a gust of wind extinguished her candle, and she had fallen and wounded herself against the edge of the chest of drawers. She crimsoned and faltered as she tried to explain this accident.

"Barbara, you are deceiving me!" cried Sir Philip. "It was a man's clenched fist that mark. You shall not live with him another day."

And then came impassioned pleading which shook her soul—fond offers of a sweet gladiolus in a foreign land—a divorce—a new marriage—honor—station.

"But dishonor first," said Barbara. "Can the path of shame ever lead to honor? No, Sir Philip, I will not do evil that good may come of it."

No eloquence of her lover's could move her from this resolve. She was firm as the Bass Rock, he passionate as the waves that beat against it. He left her at last, burning with indignation against her tyrant.

"God keep and comfort you," he cried at parting. "I will not see you again until you are free."

These words startled her, and she pondered them, full of alarm. Did he mean any threat against her husband? Ought she to warn Jack Stowell of his danger?

Sir Philip Hazlemere and Jack Stowell had never yet crossed each other's path. The surest place in which not to find the husband was his home. But now Sir Philip was seized with a sudden fancy for making Mr. Stowell's acquaintance—or at any rate for coming face to face with him in some of his favorite haunts. These were not difficult to discover. He played deep and he drank hard, and his chosen resort was a disreputable tavern in a narrow street out of Long Acre, where play and drink were the order of the night, and many a friendly festivity had ended in a bloody brawl.

Here on a December midnight, when the pavements about Covent Garden were gray with a thaw, and the link boys were reaping their harvest in a thick brown fog, Sir Philip resorted directly the play was over, taking one Captain Montagu, a friend and confidant, with him. A useful man this Montagu, who knew the theatre and most of the actors—among them Jack Stowell.

"The best of fellows," he assured Sir Philip; "capital company."

"That may be," replied Sir Philip, "but he beats his wife, and I mean to beat him."

"What, Phil, are you going to turn Don Quixote and fight with windmills?"
"Never mind my business," answered Philip; "yours is to bring me and this Stowell together."

They found Mr. Stowell engaged at five with his own particular friends, in a private room—a small room at the back of the house opening on to the leads, which offered a handy exit if the night's enjoyment turned to peril. The mobhaws of that day were almost as clever as cats at climbing a steep roof or hanging on to a gutter.

Captain Montagu sent in his card to Mr. Stowell, asking permission to join him with a friend, a gentleman from the country. Jack knew that Montagu belonged to the hawk tribe, but he wanted a pigeon in the rural stranger, and received the pair with reverence. Sir Philip had disguised himself in a heavy fur-bordered coat and a flaxen periwig, but Mr. Stowell scanned him somewhat suspiciously notwithstanding. His constant attendance in the stage box had made his face very familiar to the Covent Garden actors, and it was only the fumes of brandy which prevented Stowell's recognition of him.

The play was fast and furious. Sir Philip in his character of country squire ordered punch with profuse liberality, and lost his money with a noisy recklessness, vowing that he would have his revenge before the night was out. Montagu watched him curiously, wondering what it all meant.

So the night wore on, Sir Philip showing unmistakable signs of intoxication, which influence his uproariousness degenerated by-and-by into a maudlin stupidity. He went on losing money with a sleepy placidity that threw Jack Stowell off his guard and tempted that adventurer into a free indulgence in certain manoeuvres which under other circumstances he would have considered to the last degree dangerous.

What was his astonishment when the country squire suddenly sprang to his feet and flung half a tumbler of punch in his face!

"Gentlemen," he cried, wiping the liquor from his disconnected countenance, "the man is drunk, as you must perceive. I have been grossly insulted, but am too much a gentleman to take advantage of the situation. You had better get your friend away, Captain Montagu, while his legs can carry him, if they are still capable of that exertion. We have had enough play for to-night."

"Cheer, swindler!" cried Sir Philip. "I call my friend to witness that you have been playing with marked cards for the last hour. I saw you change the pack."

"It's a lie!" roared Jack.
"It's a lie!" said Montagu. "I've had my eye on you."

"By God! gentlemen, I'll have satisfaction for this," cried Jack, drawing his sword a very little way out of his scabbard.

"You shall," answered Sir Philip, "and this instant. I shall be glad to see whether you are as good at defending your own cur's life as you are at beating your wife's."

"By heaven, I know you now!" cried Jack. "You are the fellow that sits in the stage box night after night and hangs on my wife's heels."

Sir Philip went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket, then came back with his rapier drawn.

Montagu and the other men tried to prevent a fight, but Sir Philip was inexorably bent on settling all scores on the spot, and Stowell was savage in his rage and ready for anything. Preliminary was hurried through—a table knocked over and a lot of glasses broken; but noise was a natural concomitant of pleasure in this tavern, and the riot awakened no curiosity in the sleepy drawer waiting below.

A space was cleared, and the two men stood opposite each other ghastly with passion; Sir Philip's assumed intoxication thrown off with his fur-bordered coat, John Stowell considerably the worse for liquor.

The actor was a skilled swordsman, but his first thrusts were too blindly savage to be dangerous. Sir Philip parried them easily, and stood looking at his antagonist with a scornful smile which goaded Stowell to madness.

"I'll wager my wife and you have got up this play between you, and I'll bet you to have known there was mischief on foot. She's too meek and pretty-spoken not to be a—"

The word he meant to say never passed his lips, for a sudden thrust in three from Philip Hazlemere's sword pierced his left lung and slew him forever.

"When I saw the mark of your fist on your wife's forehead this morning, I swore to make her a widow to-night," said Sir Philip, as the actor fell face downward on the sanded floor.

The tavern servants were knocking at the door presently. Jack Stowell's fall had started even their equanimity. Tables and glasses might be smashed without remark—they only served to swell the reckoning—but the fall of a human body invited attention. Captain Montagu opened the window and bawled his friend out upon the sanded floor below it, after some peril to life and limb in the brief descent. Sir Philip Hazlemere found himself in Long Acre, where the watchman was calling "Fast four o'clock, and a snowy morning."

CHAPTER III.

HER FAREWELL HOUR.

Before next evening the town knew that Jack Stowell, the actor, had been killed in a tavern brawl. Captain Montagu had bribed Mr. Stowell's friends to keep a judicious silence. The man had been killed in a fair fight, and no good could come of letting the police know the details of his end. So, when the Bow Street magistrate came to hold his interrogatory, he could only extort a confused account of the fatal event. There had been a row at five, and Stowell and another man, whose name nobody present knew, had drawn their swords and fought. Stowell had fallen, and the stranger had escaped by a window before the tavern people came to the rescue.

NEWS NOTES.

THE people of Massachusetts took out of the savings banks some \$2,000,000 more last year than they put in.

REYNOLDS' monument will be erected at Vienna on the 25th of March, the 50th anniversary of the composer's death.

RAILS, formerly very rare in Lower Egypt, have become frequent in Alexandria and Cairo, in consequence of the extensive planting of the mulberry in that vicinity.

THERE is talk in London of setting up Chopin's statue in Northumberland avenue. To remove the statue from Alexandria and re-erect it will cost at least \$100,000.

A ROYAL decree has been issued at Brussels prohibiting the importation into Belgium of horses and sheep from Germany, England, Russia, Austria, and Turkey.

AGENTS of landowners in Southern Russia are said to be in this country seeking heavy purchases of agricultural machinery. They nearly all come from Western manufactures.

THE British Council has issued further strict orders against the importation into Great Britain from Germany and Belgium of cattle, hay, hides, horns, fat, hoofs, and fresh manure.

CHICAGO, in 1875, reported 100 business failures, with liabilities amounting to \$9,164,700; Boston, 256 failures, with liabilities of \$10,110,000; and New York 387 failures, with liabilities at \$25,544,018.

THE number of brewers engaged in the United States in the manufacture of fermented liquors, during 1875, numbered 3,305, and they produced an aggregate of 9,000,000 barrels of beer.

NORFOLK has become the second cotton port in the United States. How much it has advanced may be known from the fact that, ten years ago, Norfolk exported only 603 bales of cotton to European ports.

CALIFORNIA'S exports for the past year amounted to \$60,421,971, being \$40,757,390 in 1916 and \$19,664,581 in 1915. There were few failures in San Francisco or the State. The yield of previous months was \$18,015,607, against \$17,723,151 in 1915.

ACCORDING to the Kansas City Price Current the cattle drive from southwestern Texas during the year was 317,000. Of this number 250,383 were driven north of Kansas and to fill Indian contracts. The indications are that the drive for 1917 will be fully equal to that of last year.

DURING the year 1916 Harrisburg had lost by fire more than any city of its size in the United States. The whole amount was only \$5,197. The fire department of the town consists of seven companies, five steam fire engine companies, one hose company, and one hook and ladder company.

SIGNOR BLITZ, the well-known ventriloquist, died last week, in Philadelphia, from acute bronchial disease, partially caused by the practice of ventriloquism. Few persons were more generally known than the deceased. His slight-of-hand performances are familiar to thousands of the readers of the Post.

It is computed that in less than a month nearly six millions of people in Bengal, Madras and the adjacent coast must turn to the government for the common necessities of life. The calamity which now threatens a large part of the British Indian Empire is of such a character as to challenge the attention of the whole civilized world. In 1860 more than 175,000 people died of hunger in India in a few months.

THE total of all kinds of tea shipped to Great Britain from Chinese ports was 135,417,001 pounds, of which 4,466,154 pounds were green tea. In the preceding season (1915-16) the total exportation was 122,928,975 pounds, of which 3,419,077 pounds were green tea. The total amount sent from all Chinese ports to the United States in the season of 1916-17 was 13,774,000 pounds, of which nearly half was green tea, while in 1915-16 the exportation was 10,403,908 pounds, of which more than half was green tea.

THE whaling season for 1916 was fairly successful. The arrivals at New Bedford show nineteen profitable voyages, while fourteen resulted in a loss, this being fully up to the average of late years. The present whaling fleet, after deducting the recent losses in the Arctic Ocean, is one hundred and seventy-two vessels against one hundred and sixty-nine in January 1, 1916, and one hundred and sixty-three in 1915, and the number at sea January 1, 1917, was one hundred and forty-six vessels against one hundred and thirty-seven a year ago, and one hundred and nineteen in 1915.

THE International Exhibition has advanced so far as the issue of an official bulletin, a handsome pamphlet, which explains the character of the scheme and gives all necessary information to exhibitors, whether domestic or foreign. A lithographic plan shows the new arrangements of the Main Building, a prominent feature of which is an open space in the center, with accommodations for eight thousand people, and tiers of seats for a chorus and orchestra extending from the floor to the organ gallery. This will make a noble place for concerts. The south transept is allotted to paintings; the machinery will be in the southwest portion of the building, the agricultural and some minor exhibits in the northeastern portion, while the whole eastern end of the building is devoted to the industrial display. The plan seems unexceptionable, and we shall before long have an opportunity to judge of its execution.

MR. JOHN ANDERSON'S gift of Penikese Island, in Buzzard's Bay, to Professor Agassiz, on which to found the Anderson School of Natural History, has finally come to naught. He put in the island at \$100,000 and gave \$50,000 in bonds. The enthusiastic naturalist gratefully accepted it, and buildings were put up and the school opened. But the fund was hardly more than enough to pay for the house necessary and to keep them in order. Agassiz's energy failed enough to pay the deficiency. He died. Mr. Anderson's purse-strings were tightened, and he refused to help support it. The younger Professor Agassiz, who had succeeded his father, made one more effort, and offered to pay half the total expense if there were students enough to pay the remainder. These were not forthcoming, and Mr. Agassiz has given up the island, which is really valuable. Mr. Anderson's gift in cash amounted to a little more than \$45,000, and he had all the honor. Professor Agassiz gave all his collections to the museum, and his family, besides their time and talents, have given to it without conditions over a quarter of a million of money.

PLEURISY AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's expectorant.

MOTHER GOOSE.

BY S. A. M. MOORE.

There is, somewhere, a saying that there are young men, and it may be, old men, who think that if they were born in Boston, there is no need of their ever being born again. Now the inhabitants of Boston can lay claim to a good many proud laurels, and gay cap feathers, and nobody wants to deny that Boston is "the hub of the universe," but when Boston comes to lay claim to Mother Goose, she lays claim to what she can't begin to prove was ever hers.

Several good people have of late endeavored to make it appear that Mother Goose was a Boston lady; that her name was Elizabeth Foster, otherwise, Goss; that she reared six children of her own, and ten of the first Mrs. Goss's, besides any desirable number belonging to other people, hence, it is reasoned, she wrote of the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe." Still, according to the biographical sketches of her that have recently been published, she lived in anything but a shoe; indeed, they lead us to believe that her home was not only one of respectability and roominess, but of affluence.

Now it is to be presumed, and may be proved, that there are a great many good and wise people in the world, both in and out of Boston, who reside in the name of Goss, and some of them may even have written poems, but our Mother Goose, the Mother Goose of the world, we know wasn't born in Boston.

The ancients believed her to be the daughter of Momus and Minerva. Momus was the god of ridicule, and it is said, was banished from his own sphere, to this, because he ridiculed whatever the other gods did until they could no longer endure his presence. It is not related just how they started him on his journey hither, but it is to be presumed they flung him to the edge of the planet and shoved him off. A very easy and sensible way to dispose of criminals.

Mother Minerva was a schoolmate and champion of his there, and meeting him here in poverty and disgrace, remembered, pitied, and loved him, or whether their union was a bore, and Mother Goose, like a dutiful daughter, accompanied or followed them to earth, does not appear.

All we know is, that while Minerva was instructing the Greeks in various useful arts, Momus was spending his time and talents somewhere; it is safely to be presumed, watching over the education of his gifted daughter, and in teaching to men the art of faultfinding.

Long before Boston was endowed with place and name, the children of other lands listened to and loved the music of the melodies of Mother Goose. The little Chinese, the fair babes of the far Orient, and her and blessed her name before this new world had a written history or its people a living voice.

As the sweet singer, mother of poetry, and friend of song, we have known and loved her long, but no land can claim her, no people can say "she is ours."

Her poems are truly concise, witty, brilliant, fascinating, prophetic and famous. They charm the ignorant and delight the learned, and the poets of critics even, have often been wielded in their favor.

To the genuine poems of the real Mother Goose, however, have no doubt been from time to time added those of other lesser poets, and there is need of a MacFerson to collect and arrange the true and discard the false; and there is need of a Blair to vindicate that MacFerson.

"Mother Goose" was no more born in Boston, than "Osman" was born in Boston; and as it is not known where Osman was born, it is a wonder that Boston does not lay claim to him, indeed, there is no reason why the future inhabitants of that forward metropolis may not as wisely and justly claim Osman, as the present ones claim Mother Goose.

CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF A RING.

Among other interesting stories of lost rings, the following is related of an officer, who brought a valuable diamond just after the Indian mutiny. The officer had it in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely; but one day, changing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop; to trace of the stone was to be seen, and so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter at his club, and told the club-master to post up a notice offering \$50 reward to any one who should find the diamond. A day or two afterward the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the housemaids, in a darkish passage that led to the billiard room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweler's to be once more firmly replaced in the ring. Again some years passed. The officer had been back to India, and was on furlough in this country, and had gone to Scotland to shoot, with friends who had taken a moor in the highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours, tramping over miles and miles of close heather, grouse-shooting. He was a tall man, with a cover of birds on a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, he looked away, and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood, with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. He stooped for his gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: "I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!" He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and—the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading, and but for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark it also came from the ring it would have been lost away the next moment. Another visit to the jeweler, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as Adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, his troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to him, saying the general wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time, and when he returned to his own tent he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected, but it was gone. A thief had been during his absence, and had seen and appropriated the stone; and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration.

The remainder can be told in a few words. The cause of Mrs. Peterson's merriment was that by wedding Howard Malcolm Peterson she would be able to retain possession of the property which would have been forfeited had she changed her surname.

Mr. Tarleton and Mr. Williams had quite a heated discussion over the singular complication, but the latter blithely remarked that the lady had not forfeited her rights by marrying.

"She still retains the name of Peterson," said he, "and if you think you can make good your cause, proceed at once. The will is evidence enough for any intelligent jury; it does not say one word about retaining a widow; it merely says, 'The property to be held by her while she retains the name of Peterson.' Now, Mr. Tarleton, in the words of Mr. Tweed, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

Mr. Tarleton gave it up, and when he explained matters to his client, and listened to his impatient ravings, he simply said: "Mr. Peterson, everything is against you. If you should go to law you would lose the suit, as well as the money required to contest the will. We are simply the victims of a Woman's Wit."

THE END.

OATHS are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; they leave a noxious trail upon the lips, and a stain of odium upon the soul. They are execrable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

between the lawyer's clerk and Alice Peterson, and as he had a covetous eye on that part of the property which would become his in case she married, he hoped the union would take place. He would gladly have hastened the event by becoming intimate with Malcolm, and fit matters to suit his views, but he feared that such a course would excite the suspicion of Mrs. Peterson, whom he admitted to be an exceedingly shrewd and wide-awake woman.

However, he watched the progress of affairs with a sharp eye and ere long he was gratified to see that they were very intimate and that love, at least on the part of the young man, was clearly evident.

Finally one day, the gossip of Stockport were electrified, and their tongues set to wagging once more over a sweet morsel. The Widow Peterson was going to marry Howard Malcolm!

Gregory Peterson was so excited, when he discovered that the report was the strict truth, that he departed to the scene of his former revels—the neighboring village—and commenced a series of dissipation which bid fair to eclipse all his former carousals, and several weeks elapsed before he was stopped in his evil career.

But while he was thus engaged, and inwardly congratulating himself on soon being able to replenish his means which were so rapidly dwindling away, events were transpiring in Stockport which were destined to strike dismay to his corrupt heart.

Howard Malcolm visited his affianced one day, and during their conversation alluded to his early life. He had long since confided all to her which was in substance as follows:

His mother died when he was six years of age. His home had been in New Orleans where she took the yellow fever and died. Before her death she gave him a large oval locket saying that it would be of great advantage to him when he became of age, that he should go to Stockport and there—when she spoke thus far she suddenly fell back and expired.

"And you have no clue to what she meant to convey to you?" asked Alice.

"Not the faintest," was the sad reply.

"And that locket, what did it contain?" it seems a solid plate without containing anything calculated to throw any light on the unspoken revelation caused by her sudden death.

"I would like to see that locket," observed the lady; "it has a strange presentiment that it in some manner contains important information."

"You can be gratified," said he, "for of late I have always carried it about me."

He took a buckskin bag from an inner pocket, and took the locket therefrom. It seemed more like a medalion, in not having any visible opening, but had a ring attached to it, similar to that of a watch.

It was of gold and elaborately chased, with three very minute letters engraved upon a wreath of flowers.

"What do those initials stand for?" asked Alice.

"Initials?" exclaimed he, "I know of no initials."

"They are very small," observed she, handing the locket to him, "but I can plainly make them out; they are 'G. & C.'"

"I can also see them now," said he, "but I never saw them before; 'G. & C.' must be, 'my mother's name was Goss, but what 'G.' stands for I cannot tell."

"Goss?" cried the lady, starting, "do you remember your mother's features?"

"I shall never forget them while I live," said he.

"Wait a moment," said Alice, and she hurriedly left her lover. She shortly returned and placed something in his hand. It was the ivory portrait of the beautiful girl!

"The young man took it and gave one glance, then sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'My mother, my darling mother!' and he pressed it to his lips with passionate fervor. Then suddenly remembering how he became possessed of it, he cried:

"Alice, where in Heaven's name did you get the portrait of my mother?"

But the lady sat trembling and speechless; she essayed to answer her lover's question, but her tongue seemed paralyzed. It was only after a minute or two had elapsed that she found utterance.

"I discovered it in a secret recess of my late husband's escritoire," said she, "and those notes were also in the same place," handing him the little love missives before alluded to.

"Alice," cried he suddenly, after reading the letters, "Mr. Peterson's name was Goss, and 'G.' may stand for that name."

"It must be so," said she, "and see, on the back of the likeness, in his own handwriting he calls her his 'little wife.'"

"Oh that he was still living, so that this mystery might be cleared," said Howard.

The lady sat in silence and deep thought, while the young man seemed lost for a time in earnest and rapt contemplation of the portrait of his departed mother. He was startled by the words of his beloved, and looked up as one in a dream.

"Howard," said she, as if inspired by a sudden brilliant idea, "would it not be advisable to have the benefit of Mr. Williams' suggestions in this most deplorable dilemma?"

"He might be able to aid us. I think I shall mention the matter to him."

THE SEVEN AGES.

At Two she is a tiny lass,
And joy she scarcely knows from sorrow;
She scarce can tell her looking-glass
She has no thought of soul to-morrow.

At Four she is a merry maid,
And looks on aught but play as folly;
She can't believe bright flowers fade—
That only sawdust is her dolly.

At Eight, her troubles come in scores,
For oft she is pensive and haughty;
A pouting pout in pin-afore—
Who's sometimes whipped when she is naughty.

At Twelve, she is a sunny tease,
Who knows full well her glance is rankle,
Her petticoats scarce veil her knees,
And fairy frills scarce kiss her ankle.

At Fifteen, she's the pearl of pats,
And feels assured her power is strengthened;
Her snowy school-girl tresses are
Are hidden when her skirt is lengthened.

At Eighteen, she's the sweetest sweet,
And dreads in the height of fashion,
She feels her heart's "neath bodice bound,
In earnest for the tender passion.

At Eighteen, p'raps she may be said
Her lot to share for worse or better;
She'll either sell her heart for gold—
Or give it for a golden fetter!

WOMAN'S WIT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN L. HERRER.

CHAPTER II.

One day, the lawyer sat in his office busy over some legal document when Mrs. Peterson entered. She seemed agitated, and was obliged to rest for a short time before she could compose herself sufficiently to make known the object of her visit.

"Mr. Williams," at length spoke she, still somewhat agitated, "how long have you known Mr. Peterson, my late husband?"

"From boyhood," replied he.

"Was he ever married?"

"Bless your heart, no," exclaimed the lawyer in surprise.

"In looking over an escritoire in the library," said the lady, "I chanced to touch a secret spring and a panel slid aside. I saw several papers within the cavity thus revealed, and in a small framed this like-

ness she had standing there, in the dress she had worn in that last scene—the shroud-like drapery, which had so painfully reminded him of death. She stretched out her hands to him with a sad appealing gesture. He leaned eagerly forward and tried to clasp them in his own, but she withdrew herself from him with a shiver, and stood, shadow-like, in the shadow of the door-way.

"Dearest," he exclaimed, between surprise and delight, "I was coming round to the stage door. I am most impatient to talk to you, to be assured of your love, now that you are free to make me the most blessed of men. My love, I have a world of sweet words to say to you. I may come, may I not? I may ride home with you in your coach?"

The lights went out suddenly while he was talking to her, breathless in his eager-ness. She gave one more faint sigh, half pathetic, half tender, and left him. She had not blessed him with a word, but he took this gentle silence to mean consent.

He groped his way out of the dark theatre, and went round to the stage door. He did not present himself at that entrance, but waited discreetly on the opposite side of the narrow street, till Barbara's coach should be called. He hid watched for her thus, in a little aimless manner, on many a previous night, and was familiar with her habits.

There were a couple of hackney-coaches waiting in the street under the curtain of fog. Presently a link-boy came hurriedly along with his flaring torch, followed by a breathless gentleman in a brown coat and wig of the same color. The link-boy crossed the road, and the gentleman after him, and both vanished within the theatre.

Sir Philip wondered what the breathless gentleman's business could be.

He waited a long time, as it appeared to his impatience, and still there was no call for Mrs. Stowell's hackney-coach. A group of actors came out, and walked on the opposite pavement, talking intently. The gentleman in brown came out again, and trotted off into the fog, still under guidance of the link-boy. The stage doorkeeper appeared on the threshold, looked up and down the street, and seemed about to extinguish his dim oil lamp and close his door for the night. Sir Philip Haslemere ran across the street just in time to stop him.

"Why are you shutting up?" he asked; "Mr. Stowell has not left the theatre, has he?"

"It seemed just possible that he had missed her in the fog."

"No, poor thing, she won't go out till to-morrow; and then she'll be carried out feet-first."

"Great God! what do you mean?"

"It's a sad ending for such a pretty creature," said the doorkeeper with a sigh, "and it was that brute's language was at the bottom of it. She's been sickening of a consumption for the last three months—we all of us knew it—and when she came in at this door to-night I said she looked fitter for her coffin than for the stage. And the curtain was no sooner down than she dropped all of a heap, with one narrow streak of dark blood coming out of her lips and trickling down her white gown. She was gone before they could carry her to her dressing-room. They sent for Dr. Budd, of Henrietta street. But it was too late. She didn't wait for the doctors to help her out of this world."

Yes, at the moment when he had looked into that shadow face, when those sad eyes looking into his with ineffable love and pity, Barbara's troubled soul had winged its flight skyward.

A PRACTICAL RETORT.—There is a story of a noble lord who once gave his friend a golden snuff box, on the cover of which an eagle's head was painted. Not much flattered by this present, and wishing to turn the tables on the author of the joke, the recipient took out the seal, and inserted instead the portrait of the lord. The next day at dinner, he, as if by accident, put his box upon the table. The lord who wished to amuse his guests at the expense of his friend, made mention of the snuff box, and aroused the curiosity of those around him. A lady asked to see it. It was passed to her. She opened it and exclaimed, "Perfect! It is a striking likeness! Indeed, my lord, it is one of the best portraits of you that I ever saw!" The lord was naturally embarrassed at the joke which he thought was so hard upon him. While he was reflecting upon the inconvenience of it, the lady passed the box to her neighbor, who made similar remarks about it. The box then went around the table, each one exclaiming upon the resemblance. The nobleman was much astonished at this course of things; but when it came to his turn to look, he had to confess that his friend had got the best of him.

Howard Malcolm confided all his troubles to his kind employer of whose sympathy he was always certain.

One day he abruptly informed the lawyer that after striving vainly to close his heart against the tender passion, he was compelled to admit to himself that he loved Mrs. Peterson with such an ardent affection that it preyed upon him to such an extent that it deprived him of rest at night and of peace in daytime.

"Her rejection would kill me," exclaimed the young man excitedly.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Williams, pressing his hand warmly. "I feel deeply for you, but let me not despair. Old eyes are sharper sometimes than young ones, and if I mistake not you have little to fear such a result."

"Mr. Williams," cried the young man, as the blood rushed to his face. "Do you speak from honest conviction, or is it only your affection for me that prompts these words?"

"I firmly believe what I said," was the impressive reply.

The young man paced the floor excitedly, when Mr. Williams checked him by saying: "Wait awhile yet, Howard; but in the meantime make yourself as agreeable to her as you can. I shall probably see her often and shall sound her as to her state of feelings as regards yourself, and you shall know the result."

The young man promised to follow his advice.

Gregory Peterson also saw the intimacy



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WHAT TO DO WITH BOYS.

What to do with boys, is one of the problems that occupies the thoughts of parents for many an anxious hour. Right decision of the question has given many the start in life which has led to eminence, perhaps a far greater number by mistaken judgment have heavily weighted the young man for his future career.

The decision should not be made arbitrarily. It is greatly unwise to fix upon some calling or profession merely because it seems to be a desirable one. The law, the ministry and medicine are overrun with incompetents who were destined to their profession because fond parents thought the calling respectable and remunerative.

The first point to be determined is, has the boy any special natural talent or aptitude which indicates what he can do best. If he have such a bias, nature has decided in advance the work for which he is intended. It will be cruelly to thwart the bent of his disposition, provided, of course it be in a healthful direction. Better an enthusiastic mechanic than a drudge of a professional man, whatever the wealth of the parents. His own life will be easier, fuller of enjoyment, and his influence for good incomparably greater than they could become in any calling repugnant to him.

But the average boy shows a natural predilection for no work. He would be content without any trade or business if circumstances would permit his idleness. It is almost a fatal error to allow such a choice to be made. Work is the price of manhood. Insist upon it that the boy do something for himself; that he earn a living, no matter though he is to become a millionaire by inheritance. In such a case he will need more than ever to learn the worth of money and how to take care of it, by having learned how much a dollar costs.

Ordinarily, however, it is a blessed necessity that the boy shall make his own way in the world. Let him enter upon the first opening that presents itself where he can have a fair opportunity, and teach him to do his best in it. If he be encouraged to faithfulness, his time for advancement and wider opportunity will surely come. Every body is on the lookout for young men with steady purpose and honest industry, and these can be made habitual in any respectable calling.

PRAISES IN SCHOOLS.

If the business of a teacher were to get as much knowledge as possible in a given time into the mind of the pupil, many expedients now resorted to, would be commendable. But such is not his proper work; any more than it is the right course for a nurse to force the greatest possible amount of food into the child's stomach. Her calling is to rear the child; to so minister to his physical wants, that he shall increase in stature and in strength. The teacher's true work is to aid in developing the mental powers; to make the boy more eager for knowledge, quicker of apprehension and a more cogent reasoner.

Stimulation by prizes retards rather than forwards the proper work of education. It is a practical way of saying to the boy "the rewards of learning are insufficient; it is a task for which extra compensation is to be awarded." The pupil's thoughts are fixed on the medal; he strives for that, and the lessons are considered important only as a means to the coveted end. It is wrong in principle and injurious in practice.

The young are eager to learn; they are never tired of making new discoveries suited to their limited capacities. They are always ready with questions on subjects within their ken. It is for the skillful teacher to guide this natural appetite for instruction; to keep it healthful and active by carefully presenting proper subjects for the child's thought, by teaching him to investigate for himself, to enlarge his sphere of search, and to let him enjoy the proper rewards of such investigation in the pleasure which such new discovery brings. A boy trained in this way does not need the stimulus of the medal

of the birch. So long as he really desires to know, he will exert himself to find out; if he have not an appetite for the mental food presented, it will only sicken him and dwarf his powers, to crowd it down his unwilling apprehension sugared over with rewards, or to force it there by punishment.

Appeals to ambition will cultivate the spirit of ambition, they will not develop love of learning; and vanity and love of superiority which are the motives usually addressed in prize-giving, are not so dormant in the nature of most children as to need special stimulus.

We would unhesitatingly banish the prize and the rod from every schoolroom, and rely upon the method indicated by the nature of the child. It may not show as immediate results, or present so attractive a display on examination days, but the gain will be sure, and when the real test of power comes in practical life, the boy will pass the prize-takers with ease, on the road to success.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION.

"Ever since Eve ate the apple—"
We object. That apple has been thrust down the throats of people long enough. It may be heresy not to swallow it; if so, then here goes for heterodoxy and new light. This is not a battle on behalf of Eve; everybody knows she was tempted and yielded; that her descendants have proved their legitimacy by going and doing likewise, and that they have done it so long that they love to do it. In fact we have all come to love Eve for giving us so good an excuse for enjoying our sins, although it is not, perhaps, just the thing to own up in this fashion; but this is not a fashion article; it relates to a fruit.

We know very well that apples are no contemptible fruit; that they exhibit very tempting qualities in their very young applehood. An average boy will walk further, climb higher, lie harder, and tempt providence generally with greater recklessness in pursuit of green apples, than for almost any other delight.

Perhaps the theory of the original unfortunate apple-eating took its rise from this very fact, supposing that the peculiar fascination of the fruit has descended with its other qualities.

But remember, Eve was no boy; bear in mind too that the apples of olden time were but the faintest hints of possibilities. As described by Pliny, one of the earliest naturalists, the apple was a small fruit growing on a thorn bush, answering to our wild thorn apple. The glorious Summer lough, a golden globe of perfumed sunshine, the rich Baldwin, luscious Spitzenberg, tempting Greening, melting Swaar; these were then only dreams of the future, indulged by some daring poet of a thorn bush catching its inspiration from the fragrance of its own blossoms of a May morning, to be wrought out by centuries of culture. Had Eve once tasted the original apple, Adam, warned by her sad grimaces would have fled in terror.

Don't ask, "what fruit was it then, if not the apple?" We do not pretend to be wiser than the Scriptures which leave the question unanswered. Our task ends with relieving the apple from the groundless obloquy which fanciful theology has cast upon it, and a warning against hastily accepting unfavorable conclusions from unsubstantiated assertions.

THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

Spoiled in cooking or in the serving, is the fate of many an otherwise toothsome dish. A juicy roast on a greasy dish, or steaming joints fit for an epicure, placed on a table covered with an uncleanly cloth, lose half their attractiveness; the attention of any but a gross feeder is fastened upon the repulsive feature of the entertainment, and his appetite weakens.

It is only when all the senses harmonize that any one of them can be used with fullness of pleasure. The palate loses enjoyment if the eye be offended; music is less attractive in an apartment where no-some odors prevail; pictures fail to please in presence of discordant sounds. The attention is distracted, the perceptions are confused, and in the mixture of pleasurable and disagreeable sensations, the latter unpleasantly assert themselves.

These facts are of wide application, extending beyond the mere gratification of the senses, although they are well worth considering in this relation alone, so much enjoyment in life depends on their exercise. In the external and internal fitting-up of the household they are especially worthy of attention. A cheerful approach to the door; a pleasing impression made by a neat inviting looking hall; furniture, drapery and ornaments properly and harmoniously arranged, will heighten the joys of love itself in the household. Who can be thoroughly satisfied, when a glance through the window reveals details of the family washing, ruins of superannuated stores and the horrors of the garbage-box in the adjacent yard? Everybody can recall some unpretending cottage, where by simple harmony of surroundings and appointments, more of brightness was diffused than could be imparted by the most dazzling display of mere wealth.

In the same direction lies the secret of dressing attractively. Neatness and harmony are at the foundation of all true taste. A highly-colored necktie may give a loud appearance to a whole outfit; a peeping out of a slovenly skirt will destroy the effect of the richest toilette.

Equally applicable is this principle to the way of doing things. The "No" of a kind-hearted man whose manner is inspired by his goodness, is less offensive than the gruff or scolding "yes" of a boor. Truth may be told at a man in such a way as to arouse his anger, or it may be calmly presented so as to win his attention and acquiescence. In short, the way of doing it, may defeat the best action, and any and all things are most effective when properly presented.

THE TREE OF TIME.

BY CHARLES E. LARSEN.

As the days fall off from the tree of Time,
To lie in the West like gold,
Our hearts become its shade divine,
At last all gray and old.

To look upon the earth with eyes
Which only see low here
The destined thought to memories
Of Spring's bright blossoming year!

Twist then the little laughing child,
Caught first from its sunny side,
Fluttering down with airy sails,
In one gold leaf at play!

In bloom of summer fell the fruit,
From Time's young tree for life,
A sudden charmed by the boy's love life,
Walked youth's sweet blossoming wife!

Time lived to watch the changing leaves,
But died in that last night
Which saw them cluster round the graves,
About the tree's lone site!

The tree of Time, although so fair,
Canst thou grow to old,
Yet blooms it ever green up there,
In gardens mid the sky!

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

CHAPTER I.

HER TEMPTATION.

"He is a scoundrel," said the gentleman.
"He is my business," answered the lady.
Not much in either sentence, yet both came from burning hearts and lips passionately.
"Is that your answer, Barbara?"
"The only answer God and man will suffer me to give you."
"And he is to break your heart—and squander your earnings on his low vices—keep you but up in this shabby lodging while he is either ranting about your beauty and your genius—and you are to have no redress, no escape?"
"Yes," she answered with a look that thrilled him. "I shall escape him—in my coffin. My wrongs will have redress—at the Day of Judgment."

"Barbara, he is killing you."
"Don't you think that the greatest kindness he has ever shown me?"
The gentleman began to pace the room distractedly. The lady turned to the tall narrow glass over the chimney-piece, with a curious look, half-mourning, half-ecstasy. She was contemplating the beauty which was said to have set the town raving.

What did that tarnished mirror show her? A small pale face, and was wasted by studious nights and a heavy burden of care, dark shadows about dark eyes, but such eyes! They seemed, in this cold light of day, too black and large and brilliant for the small white face; but at night, in the lamp-lit theatre, with a patch of rouge under them, and the light of genius burning in them, they were the most dazzling, soul-enrapturing eyes man had ever seen; or so said the cognoscenti, Horace Walpole among them; and Mrs. Barbara Stowell was the last fashion at Covent Garden Theatre.

It was only her second season on those famous boards, and her beauty and talent still were the bloom of novelty. The town had never seen her by daylight. She never drove in the Ring, or appeared at a fashionable auction, or mystified her admirers at a masquerade in the Pantheon, or drank wine in St. James's Park—in a word, she was new here—and the town had invented twenty stories to account for this celestial existence. Yet no one had guessed the truth, which was sadder than the most dismal fiction that had floated down the idle stream of London gossip. Barbara Stowell kept aloof from the world for three reasons—first, because her husband was a tyrant and a ruffian, and left her without a penny; secondly, because her heart was broken—thirdly, because she was dying.

This last reason was only known to herself. No stethoscope had sounded that aching breast—no stately physician, with eye-glass and gold-headed cane, and chariot and footman, had been called in to testify in scientific language to the progress of the disease—but Mrs. Barbara Stowell knew very well that her days were numbered, and that her span of life was of the briefest.

She was not in the first freshness of her youth. Three years ago she had been a country parson's daughter, leading the peaceful, happy, obscure life in a Hertfordshire village—when, as ill-luck would have it, she came to London to visit an aunt who was in business there as a milliner, and at this lady's house met Jack Stowell, an actor of small parts at Covent Garden—a cold-hearted rascal with a fine person, a kind of surface cleverness which had a vast effect upon simple people, and ineffable conceit. He had the usual idea of the unsuccessful actor, that his manager was his only enemy, and that the town was languishing with his play; and he was full of the idea of the actor, that the town was languishing with his play; and he was full of the idea of the actor, that the town was languishing with his play.

He had never touched her hand, never spoken to her; but he had lived for the last six months only to see and hear her, and it seemed to him that he knew every thought of her mind, every impulse of her heart. Had he not seen those lovely eyes answer his fond looks sometimes, as he hung over the stage box, and the business of the scene brought her near him, with a tender intelligence that told him he was understood?

If John Stowell should sue for a divorce, so much the better, thought Philip. He could then make his beloved Lady Hazlemere, and let the world see the crowning glory of his life. He was so deeply in love that he thought it would be everlasting reward to have her. He would go down to posterity famous as the husband of the loveliest woman of his time; like that Duke of Devonshire, of whom the world knows so little except that he had a beautiful Duchess.

One day Sir Philip Hazlemere took courage, emboldened by some get tale of Jack Stowell's brutality—and got himself introduced to the presence of the lady he loved. She was shocked at first, and very angry, and his deep respect melted her wrath, and for the first time in her life Barbara learnt how reverential, how humble, real love is. It was no bold seducer who had forced him into her presence, but a man who pitied and honored her, and who would have deemed it a small thing to shed his blood for her sake.

He was no stranger to her, though she had never heard his voice till that day. She had seen him in the theatre—night after night—and had divined that it was some stronger feeling than love of the drama which held him riveted to the same spot, listening to the same play, however often it might be repeated in the shifting repertoire of those days.

She knew that he loved her, and that earnest look of his had touched her deeply. What was it now for her, who had never known a good man's love, to hear him offer the devotion of a lifetime, and see humbly for permission to carry her away from a life which was most abject misery?

He knew not what womanly purity meant, a virtue which existed only for self-gratification, and whose love for her had been little more than the fancy of an hour.

He lost no time in teaching her all he knew of his art. She had real genius, was fond of study, and soon discovered that he knew very little. She had her own ideas about all those heroines of which he only knew the merest conventionalities and traditions. She sat late into the night studying, while he was drinking and putting in some low tavern. Her sorrows, her disappointments, her disgusts, drove her to the study of the drama for consolation and temporary forgetfulness. These heroines of tragedy, who were all miserable, seemed to sympathize with her own misery. She became passionately fond of her art before ever she had trodden the stage.

Jack Stowell took his wife to Rich, and asked for an engagement. Had Barbara been an ordinary woman, the manager would have given her subordinate place in his troupe, and a pittance of twenty shillings a week. But her exceptional beauty struck the managerial eye. He had half-dozed geniuses in his company, but her good looks were on the wane. This young fellow, these Italian eyes, would attract the town—and the town had been leaning a little towards the rival house lately.

"I'll tell you what, Stowell," said the manager, "I should like to give your wife a chance. But to take any hold upon the public, she must appear in a leading part. I couldn't trust her till she has learnt the A B C of her profession. She must try her success in the provinces."

They were standing at noon on the great stage at Covent Garden. The house was almost in darkness, and the vast circle of boxes shrouded in linen wrappings had a ghostly look that chilled Barbara's soul. What a little creature she seemed to herself in that mighty arena! Could she ever stand there and pour out her soul in the sorrows of Juliet, or the Duchess of Malfi, or Isabella, as she had done so often before the looking-glass in her dingy lodging?

"Jack," she said, as they were walking home—he had been unusually kind to her this morning—"I can't tell you what an awful feeling that great, dark, cold theatre gave me. I felt as if I was standing in my tomb."

"Don't show what a little goose you are," retorted Jack contemptuously. "Do you think anybody is going to give you such a big tomb as that?"

Mrs. Stowell appeared at the Theatre Royal, Bath, and tried her wings, as the manager called it, with marked success. There could be no doubt that she had the divine fire, a genius and bent so decided, that her lack of experience went for nothing; and then she looked like a slave, and threw her soul, mind, heart—her whole life—into this new business of her life. She lived only to act. What else had she to live for, with a husband who came home tipsy three or four nights out of the seven, and whose infidelities were notorious?

She came to London the following winter, and took the town by storm. Her genius, her beauty, her youth, her purity, were on every tongue. She received almost as many letters as a prime minister in that first season of success—but it was found out in due time that she was inaccessible to flattery, and the fops and fribbles of her day ceased their persecutions.

Among so many who admired her and so many who were eager to pursue, there was only one who discovered her need of pity and pitied her.

This was Sir Philip Hazlemere, a young man of fashion and fortune—neither poor nor fribble—but a man of cultivated mind and intense feeling.

He saw, admired, and, ere long, adored the new actress—but he did not approach her, as the others did, with fulsome letters which insulted her understanding, or with empty gifts which offended her pride. He held himself aloof, and loved in silence—for the instinct of his heart told him that she was virtuous. But he was human, and his sense of honor could not altogether stifle hope. He found out where she lived, bought over the lodging-house keeper to his interest, and contrived to learn a great deal more than the well-informed world knew about Barbara Stowell.

He was told that her husband was a wretch, and ill-used her; that this brilliant beauty, who shone and sparkled by night like a star, was by daylight a wan and faded woman, haggard with sorrow and tears. If he had loved her before, when the history of her life was unknown to him, he loved her doubly now, and, taking hope from all that he knew of her, he determined to win her to the winds and determined to win her.

Could he be worse off, he asked himself, than she was now—the slave of a low-born profligate—the darling of an idle, gaping crowd—scorned and neglected at home, where a woman should be paramount? He was rich and his own master—there was all the bright glad world before him.

He would take her to Italy, and live and die with her, and the link boys were roaring their harvest in a thick brown fog. Sir Philip resorted directly the play was over, taking one Captain Montagu, a friend and confidant, with him. A useful man this Montagu, who knew the theatres and most of the actors—among them Jack Stowell.

"The best of fellows," he assured Sir Philip, "capital company."

"That may be," replied Sir Philip, "but he beats his wife, and I mean to beat him."

"What, Phil, are you going to turn Don Quixote and fight with windmills?"

"Never mind my business," answered Sir Philip; "yours is to bring me and this Stowell together."

They found Mr. Stowell engaged at faro with his own particular friends, in a private room—a small room at the back of the house opening on to the leads, which offered a handy exit if the night's enjoyment turned to peril. The mohawks of that day were almost as clever as cats at climbing a steep roof or hanging on to a gutter.

Captain Montagu sent in his card to Mr. Stowell, asking permission to join him with a friend, a gentleman from the country. Jack knew that Montagu belonged to the hawk tribe, but he was a friend of the rural stranger, and received the pair with effusiveness. Sir Philip had disguised himself in a heavy fur-bordered coat and a flaxen perwig, but Mr. Stowell scanned him somewhat suspiciously notwithstanding. His constant attendance in the stage box had made his face very familiar to the Covent Garden actors, and it was only the fumes of brandy punch which prevented Stowell's recognition of him.

The play was fast and furious. Sir Philip in his character of country squire ordered punch with profuse liberality, and lost his money with a noisy recklessness, vowing that he would have his revenge before the night was out. Montagu watched him curiously, wondering what it all meant.

So the night wore on, Sir Philip showing unmistakable signs of intoxication, under which influence his uproariousness degenerated by-and-by into a maudlin stupidity. He went on losing money with a sleepy placidity that threw Jack Stowell off his guard and tempted that adventurer into a free indulgence in certain manoeuvres which under other circumstances he would have considered to the last degree dangerous.

now that it was too late. She saw what pitiful tinsel she had mistaken for pure gold. But, though every impulse of her heart drew her to this devoted lover, honor spoke louder than feeling, and made her marble. On one only point she yielded a little to her lover's pleading. She did not refuse him permission to see her again. He might come sometimes, but it must be seldom, and the hour in which he should forget the respect due to her as a true and loyal wife would be the hour that parted them forever.

"My life is so lonely!" she said, self-excusingly, after having accorded this permission; "it will be a comfort to me to see you now and then, for a brief half-hour, and to know that there is some one in this great busy world who pities and cares for me."

She had one reason for granting Sir Philip's prayer, which would have well-nigh broken his heart could he have guessed it. This was her inward conviction that her life was near its close. There was hardly time for temptation between the present hour and the grave. And every day seemed to carry her further from the things and thoughts of earth. Her husband's cruelties stung less keenly than of old—his own degradation, which had been the heaviest part of her burden, seemed further away from her—as if he and she lived in different worlds. Her stage triumphs, which had once intoxicated her, now seemed unreal as the pageant of a dream. Yes, the ties that bind this weak flesh to earthly joys and sufferings were gradually loosening. The fitters were slipping off this weary clay.

CHAPTER II.
HER AVENGER.

Sir Philip showed himself not undeserving Barbara's confidence. He came to the world's London lodgings—a caravaner which had housed wandering tribes of shabby-genteel adventurers for the last twenty years, and whose dingy panelling seemed to exhale an odor of poverty. He brought his idol hot-house flowers and fruits—the weekly papers—those thin little leaflets which amused our ancestors—a new book now and then—and the latest news of the town—that floating gossip of the clubs, which Walpole was writing to Sir Horace Mann. He came and sat beside her, as she worked at her tambour frame, and cheered her by a tenderness too reverent to alarm.

In a word, he made her happy. If she were slowly fading out of life, he did not see the change or guess that this fair flower was soon to wither. He saw her too frequently to perceive the gradual progress of decay. Her beauty was of ethereal type, to which disease lent new charms.

One day he found her with an ugly bruise upon her forehead; she had tried to conceal it with the loose ringlets of her dark hair, but his quick eye saw the mark. When pressed hard by his solicitous questioning, she gave a somewhat lame account of the matter. She had been passing from the sitting-room to her bed-chamber last night, when a gust of wind extinguished her candle, and she had fallen and wounded herself against the edge of the chest of drawers. She crimsoned and faltered as she tried to explain this accident.

"Barbara, you are deceiving me!" cried Sir Philip. "It was a man's clenched fist left that mark. You shall not live with him another day."

And then came impassioned pleading which shook her soul—fond offers of a sweet glad life in a foreign land—a divorce—a new marriage—honor—station.

"But dishonor first," said Barbara. "Can the path of shame ever lead to honor? No, Sir Philip, I will not do evil that good may come of it."

No eloquence of her lover's could move her from this resolve. She was firm as the Bass Rock, he passionate as the waves that beat against it. He left her at last, burning with indignation against her tyrant.

"God keep and comfort you," he cried at parting. "I will not see you again until you are free."

These words startled her, and she pondered them, full of alarm. Did he mean any threat against her husband? Ought she to warn Jack Stowell of his danger?

Here on a December midnight, when the pavements about Covent Garden were gray with a thaw, and the link boys were roaring their harvest in a thick brown fog, Sir Philip resorted directly the play was over, taking one Captain Montagu, a friend and confidant, with him. A useful man this Montagu, who knew the theatres and most of the actors—among them Jack Stowell.

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What was his astonishment when the country squire suddenly sprang to his feet and flung half a tumbler of punch in his face!

"Gentlemen," he cried, wiping the liquor from his disconcerted countenance, "the man is drunk, as you must perceive. I have been grossly insulted, but am too much a gentleman to take advantage of the situation. You had better get your friend away, Captain Montagu, while his legs can carry him, if they are still capable of that exertion. We have had enough play for to-night."

"Cheer, swindler!" cried Sir Philip. "I call my friend to witness that you have been playing with marked cards for the last hour. I saw you change the pack."

"It's a lie!" roared Jack.
"No, it isn't," said Montagu, "I've had my eye on you."

"By God! gentlemen, I'll have satisfaction for this," cried Jack, drawing his sword a very little way out of his scabbard.

"You shall," answered Sir Philip, "and this instant. I shall be glad to see whether you are as good at defending your own cut's life as you are at beating your wife."

"By heaven, I know you now!" cried Jack. "You are the fellow that sits in the stage box night after night and hangs on my wife's looks."

Sir Philip went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket, then came back with his rapier drawn.

Montagu and the other men tried to prevent a fight, but Sir Philip was inexorably bent on settling with the wretch, and Stowell was savage in his cup and ready for anything. Preliminaries were hurried through—a table knocked over and a lot of glasses broken; but noise was a natural concomitant of pleasure in this tavern, and the riot awakened no curiosity in the sleepy drawer waiting below.

A space was cleared, and the two men stood opposite each other, glistened with passion. Sir Philip's assumed intoxication thrown off with his fur-bordered coat, John Stowell considerably the worse for liquor.

The actor was a skilled swordsman, but his first thrusts were too blindly savage to be dangerous. Sir Philip parried them easily, and stood looking at his antagonist with a scornful smile which goaded Stowell to madness.

"I'll wager my wife and you have got up this play between you," he said. "I ought to have known there was mischief on foot. She's too meek and pretty-spoken not to be a—"

The word he meant to say never passed his lips, for a sudden thrust in tierce from Philip Hazlemere's sword pierced his left lung and slew him forever.

"When I saw the mark of your fist on your wife's forehead this morning, I swore to make her a widow to-night," said Sir Philip, as the actor fell face downward on the sandaled floor.

The tavern servants were knocking at the door presently. Jack Stowell's fall had startled even their equanimity. Tables and glasses might be smashed without remark; but the fall of a human body invited attention. Captain Montagu opened the window and bustled his friend out upon the slippery leads below it, and, after some perilous and limbo in the brief descent, Sir Philip Hazlemere found himself in Long Acre, where the watchman was calling "Fast four o'clock, and a snowy morning."

CHAPTER III.

HER FAREWELL NIGHT.

Before next evening the town knew that Jack Stowell, the actor, had been killed in a tavern brawl. Captain Montagu had bribed Mr. Stowell's friends to keep a judicious silence. The man had been killed in a fair fight, and no good could come of letting the police know the details of his end. So, when the Bow Street magistrate came to hold his interrogatory, he could only extort a confused account of the fatal event. There had been a row at faro, and Stowell and another man, whose name nobody present knew, had drawn their swords and fought. Stowell had fallen, and the stranger had escaped by a window before the tavern people came to the rescue.

The tavern people had seen the stranger enter the house, a man with flaxen hair and a dark green riding coat trimmed with grey fur, but they had not seen him leave. The magistrate drew the general conclusion that everybody had been drunk, and the examination concluded in a futile manner, which in these days would have offered a fine opening for indignation leaders in the daily papers, and letters signed "Fiat Justitia," or "Pekham Rye;" but which at that easy-going period provoked nobody's notice, or served at most to provide Walpole with a paragraph for one of his immortal epistles.

Sir Philip called at Mrs. Stowell's and was told that she was ill, and keeping her room. There was a change of piece announced at Covent Garden, and the favorite was not to appear, "until to-morrow se'night, in consequence of a domestic affliction."

Sir Philip sent his customary offerings of hot-house fruits and flowers to Mrs. Stowell's address, but a restraining delicacy made him keep

NEWS NOTES.

The people of Massachusetts took out of the savings banks some \$2,600,000 more last year than they put in.

HERZOG'S monument will be erected at Vienna on the 25th of March, the 55th anniversary of the emperor's death.

RAIN, formerly very rare in Lower Egypt, has become frequent in Alexandria and Cairo, in consequence of the extensive planting of the mulberry in that vicinity.

THERE is talk in London of setting up Cleopatra's needle in Northumberland avenue. To remove the obelisk from Alexandria and re-erect it will cost at least \$35,000.

A ROYAL decree has been issued at Brussels prohibiting the importation into Belgium of horses and sheep from Germany, England, Russia, Austria, and Turkey.

AGENTS of landowners in Southern Russia are said to be in this country making heavy purchases of agricultural machinery. They nearly all come from Western manufacturers.

The British Council has issued further stringent orders against the importation into Great Britain from Germany and Belgium of cattle, hay, hides, horns, fat, bones, and fish meal.

CHICAGO, in 1916, reported 180 business failures, with liabilities amounting to \$9,164,700; Boston, 166 failures, with liabilities of \$10,110,000, and New York 97 failures, with liabilities of \$13,344,018.

The number of brewers engaged in the United States in the manufacture of fermented liquors, during 1916, numbered 3,201, and they produced an aggregate of 9,000,000 barrels of beer.

NORFOLK has become the second cotton port in the United States. How rapidly it has advanced may be known from the fact that, ten years ago, Norfolk exported only 631 bales of cotton to European ports.

CALIFORNIA'S exports for the past year amounted to \$60,421,971, being \$46,737,300 in 1915 and \$30,686,711 in 1914.

There were few failures in San Francisco or the State. The yield of precious metals was \$18,515,867, against \$17,784,151 in 1915.

ACCORDING to the Kansas City Price Current the cattle drive from southwestern Texas during the year was \$17,784,151, or 220,253 were driven north of Kansas and to fill Indian contracts. The indications are that the drive for 1917 will be fully equal to that of last year.

DURING the year 1916 Harrisburg had less loss by fire than any city of its size in the United States. The whole amount was only \$6,197. The fire department of the town consists of seven companies, five steam fire engine companies, one hose company, and one hook and ladder company.

NICHOL BLIZZ the well-known ventriloquist, died last week, in Philadelphia, from acute bronchial disease, partially caused by the practice of ventriloquism. Few persons were more generally known than he. His slight-of-hand performances are familiar to thousands of the readers of the Post.

It is computed that in less than a month nearly six millions of people in Bengal, Madras and the adjacent country must trust to the government for the common necessities of life. The calamity which now threatens a large part of the British Indian Empire is of such a character as to challenge the attention of the whole civilized world.

In 1900 more than 175,000 people died of hunger in India in a few months.

The total of all kinds of tea shipped to Great Britain from China ports was 123,417,061 pounds, of which 4,466,154 pounds were green tea. In the preceding season (1915-16) the total exportation was 122,928,755 pounds, of which 3,419,007 pounds were green tea. The total amount sent from all Chinese ports to the United States in the season of 1916-17 was 13,774,000 pounds, of which nearly half was green tea, while in 1915-16 the exportation was 10,463,808 pounds, of which more than half was green tea.

THE whaling season for 1916 was fairly successful. The arrivals at New Bedford show nineteen profitable voyages, while fourteen resulted in a loss, this being fully up to the average of last year. The present whaling fleet, after deducting the losses in the Arctic Ocean, is one hundred and seventy-two vessels against one hundred and sixty-nine in 1915, and one hundred and sixty-three in 1914, and the number at sea January 1, 1917, was one hundred and forty-six vessels against one hundred and thirty-seven a year ago, and one hundred and nineteen in 1915.

The International Exhibition has advanced so far as the issue of an official bulletin, a handsome pamphlet, which explains the character of the scheme and gives all necessary information to exhibitors, whether domestic or foreign. A lithographic plan shows the new arrangements of the Main Building, a prominent feature of which is an open space in the centre, with accommodations for eight thousand people, and tiers of seats for a chorus and orchestra extending from the floor to the organ gallery. This will make a noble place for concerts. The south transept is allotted to painting, the machinery will be in the southwest portion of the building, the agricultural and some minor exhibits in the northwestern portion, while the whole eastern end of the building is devoted to the industrial display. The plan seems unexceptionable, and we shall before long have an opportunity to judge of its execution.

MR. JOHN ANDERSON'S gift of Penikese Island, in Buzzard's Bay, to Professor Agassiz, on which to found the Anderson School of Natural History, has finally come to naught. He put in the island at \$100,000, the naturalist gratefully accepted it, and buildings were put up and the school opened. But the fund was hardly more than enough to pay for the houses necessary and to keep them in order. Agassiz's energy failed enough to pay the deficiency. He died. Mr. Anderson's pure-strings were tightened, and he refused to help support it. The younger Professor Agassiz, who had succeeded his father, made one more effort, and offered to pay half the total expense if there were students enough to pay the remainder. These were not forthcoming, and Mr. Agassiz has given up the island, which is really valueless. Mr. Anderson's gift in cash amounted to a little more than \$45,000, and he had all the honor.

Professor Agassiz gave all his collections to the museum, and his family, besides their time and talents, have given to it without conditions over a quarter of a million of money.

PLEURISY PAINS AND ALL ASTHMATIC OR BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are soon relieved by that certain remedy the Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's expectorant.

MOTHER GOOSE.

BY S. A. M. MUMFORD.

There is, somewhere a saying that there are young men, and it may be, old men too, who think that if they were born in Boston, there is no need of their ever being born again. Now the inhabitants of Boston can lay claim to a good many proud laurels, and gay cap feathers, and nobody wants to deny that Boston is "the hub of the universe," but when Boston comes to lay claim to Mother Goose, she lays claim to what she can't begin to prove was ever born.

Several good people have of late endeavored to make it appear that Mother Goose was a Boston lady; that her name was Elizabeth Foster, otherwise, Goose; that she reared six children of her own, and ten of the first Mrs. Goose's, besides any desirable number belonging to other people, hence, it is reasoned, she wrote the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe." Still, according to the biographical sketches of her that have recently been published, she lived in anything but a shoe; indeed, they lead us to believe that her home was not only one of respectability and refinement, but of affluence.

Now it is to be presumed, and may be proved, that there are a great many good and wise people in the world, both in and out of Boston, who rejoice in the name of Goose, and some of them may even have written poems, but our Mother Goose, the Mother Goose of the world, we know wasn't born in Boston.

The ancients believed her to be the daughter of Momus and Minerva. Momus was the god of ridicule, and it is said, was banished from his own sphere, to this, because he ridiculed whatever the other gods did until they could no longer endure his presence. It is not related just how they started him on his journey home, but it is to be presumed they fetched him to the edge of the planet and shoved him off. A little more than a century ago, it is to be presumed, he landed in the United States.

Whether Minerva was a schoolmate and champion of his there, and meeting him here in poverty and disgrace, remembered, pitied, and loved him, or whether their union was a bore, and Mother Goose, like a dutiful daughter, accompanied or followed them to earth, does not appear.

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The ancients believed her to be the daughter of Momus and Minerva. Momus was the god of ridicule, and it is said, was banished from his own sphere, to this, because he ridiculed whatever the other gods did until they could no longer endure his presence. It is not related just how they started him on his journey home, but it is to be presumed they fetched him to the edge of the planet and shoved him off. A little more than a century ago, it is to be presumed, he landed in the United States.

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between the lawyer's clerk and Alice Peterson, and as he had a covetous eye on that part of the property which would become his in case she married, he hoped the union would take place. He would gladly have hastened the event by becoming intimate with Malcolm, and fix matters to suit his views, but he feared that such a course would excite the suspicion of Mrs. Peterson, whom he admitted to be an exceedingly shrewd and wide-awake woman.

However, he watched the progress of affairs with a sharp eye and one long he was gratified to see that they were very intimate and that love, at least on the part of the young man, was clearly evident.

Finally one day, the gossip of Stockport were electrified, and their tongues set to wagging once more over a sweet morsel. The Widow Peterson was going to marry Howard Malcolm!

Gregory Peterson was so excited, when he discovered that the report was the strict truth, that he departed to the scene of his former revels—the neighboring village—and commenced a series of dissipation which bid fair to eclipse all his former carousals, and several weeks elapsed before he was stopped in his evil career.

But while he was thus engaged, and inwardly congratulating himself on being able to replace his means which were so rapidly dwindling away, events were transpiring in Stockport which were destined to strike dismay to his corrupt heart.

Howard Malcolm visited his affianced one day, and during their conversation alluded to his early life. He had long since confided all to her which was in substance as follows:

His mother died when he was six years of age. His home had been in New Orleans where she took the yellow fever and died. Before her death she gave him a large oval locket saying that it would be of great advantage to him when he became of age, but he should go to Stockport and there—when she spoke thus far she suddenly fell back and expired.

"And you have no clue to what she meant to convey?" asked Alice.

"Not the faintest," was the reply.

"And that locket, what did it contain?"

"It seems a solid plate without containing anything calculated to throw any light on the unspoken revelation caused by her sudden death."

"I would like to see that locket," observed the lady. "I have a strange presentiment that it in some manner contains important information."

"You can be gratified," said he, "for of late I have always carried it about me."

He took a buckskin bag from an inner pocket, and took the locket therefrom. It seemed more like a medalion, in not having any visible opening, but had a ring attached to it, similar to that of a watch.

It was gold and elaborately chased, with three very minute letters engraved among a wreath of flowers.

"What do those initials stand for?" asked Alice.

"Initials?" exclaimed he, "I know of no initials they are very small," observed also, handing the locket to him, "but I can plainly make them out; they are G. & C."

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"G. and C.?" cried the lady, starting, "do you remember your mother's features?"

"I shall never forget them while I live," said he.

"Wait a moment," said Alice, and she hurriedly left her lover. She shortly returned and placed something in his hand. It was the ivory portrait of the beautiful girl!

"The young man took it and gave one glance, then sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'My mother, my darling mother!' and he pressed it to his lips with passionate fervor. Then suddenly remembering how he became possessed of it, he cried:

"Alice, where in Heaven's name did you get the portrait of my mother?"

But the lady sat trembling and speechless; she essayed to answer her lover's question, but her tongue seemed paralyzed. It was only after a minute or two had elapsed that she found utterance.

"I discovered it in a secret recess of my late husband's secret drawer," said he, "and those notes were also in the same place," handing him the little love missives before alluded to.

"Alice," cried he suddenly, after reading the letters, "Mr. Peterson's name was George, and G. may stand for that name."

"It must be so," said she, "and see, on the back of the locket, in my own handwriting, he calls her his little wife."

"Oh that he was still living, so that this mystery might be cleared," said Howard.

The lady sat in silence and deep thought, while the young man seemed lost for a time in earnest and rapt contemplation of the portrait of his departed mother. He was startled by the words of his beloved, and looked up as one in a dream.

"Howard," said she, as if inspired by a sudden brilliant idea, "would it not be advisable to have the benefit of Mr. Williams' suggestions in this most deplorable dilemma?"

"He might be able to aid us. I think I shall mention the matter to him."

"Go to him at once," said Mrs. Peterson; bring him here, and between us three we may be able to see daylight through this painful darkness."

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"And," continued the speaker, "if I am not mistaken it contains, or did contain, the likeness of the then owner, George Peterson."

The astonishment they felt was plainly depicted on the countenances of both listeners.

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It was the certificate of marriage between George Peterson and Cora Malcolm!

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THE SEVEN AGES.

At Two she is a tiny lass.
And joy she scarcely knows from sorrow.
She scarce consults her looking-glass;
She has no thought of sad to-morrow!

At Four, she is a merry maid,
And looks on aught but play as folly.
She can't believe bright flowers fade—
That only saddest is her dolly.

At Eight, her troubles come in scores,
For oft she is perverse and haughty;
A pouting pout in pin-afores—
She's sometimes whipped when she is naughty!

At Twelve, she is a mimic queen,
Who knows full well her glance rankle.
Her petticoats scarce veil her knee,
And fairy frills scarce kiss her ankle.

At Fifteen, she's the peer of poets,
And feels assured her pen is strengthened;
Her snowy school-girl tresses
Are hidden when her skirt is lengthened.

At Sixteen, she's the sweetest soul,
And dresses in the height of fashion,
She feels her heart's north wind beat,
In earnest for the tender passion.

At Eighteen, 'twere she may be said
Her lot to share for worse or better;
She'll either sell her heart for gold—
Or give it for a golden fiddler!

WOMAN'S WIT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN L. ZIEBER.

CHAPTER II.

One day, the lawyer sat in his office busy over some legal document when Mrs. Peterson entered. She seemed agitated, and was obliged to rest for a short time before she could compose herself sufficiently to make known the object of her visit.

"Mr. Williams," at length spoke she, still somewhat agitated, "how long have you known Mr. Peterson, my late husband?"

"From boyhood," replied he.

"Was he ever married?"

"Bless your heart, no!" exclaimed the lawyer in surprise.

"In looking over an certificate in the library," said the lady, "I chanced to touch a secret spring and a panel slid aside. I saw several papers within the cavity thus revealed, and in a small casket this likeness."

She handed an oval framed likeness to him, and the face of a marvellously beautiful girl met his gaze. Examining it in silence for a few moments he asked:

"And the papers you mentioned; did they throw no light on the matter?"

"No more than that they were little love notes, that any girl might indite and send to the object of her affections."

"No allusion to marriage?" asked he.

"None whatever."

"Have you them with you, Mrs. Peterson?"

"No; I did not think it necessary."

"But you preserved them?" questioned the lawyer, anxiously.

"Yes," was the reply. "I returned them to their secret hiding place."

"That was proper," said the lawyer, "for if there should ever be a question of a previous marriage those papers may become of value."

Was there a name attached to these little love notes?"

"Yes," replied the lady, strangely agitated.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what the name is?"

Mrs. Peterson hesitated answering for some moments; then, as if a sudden idea struck her, she asked:

"Would you recognize Mr. Peterson's handwriting of twenty years ago were you to see a specimen of it?"

"I might possibly do so," returned the lawyer in deep thought. "Yes I think I would, for we were boys together in school, and I think I have some of his chiro

The butter left in fine, hard granules or lumps, and in the best possible condition for re-melting salt. The butterballs being cut, the butter is seasoned with three quarters of an ounce of salt, to the pound, and set away till the next day, when it is worked, and packed in tubs prepared by soaking in strong brine.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN

BY JAMES T. FIELD.

Let me tell you, my young friends, some of the things I would do if I were a boy again. Some of the things I would do if I were a boy again. Some of the things I would do if I were a boy again.

When we are no longer young, we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more, and the things we have suggested rise up and remind us every day of our lives. May I summarize some of the important things, large and small, that I would do if I were a boy again? I would be more particular about...

I think I would use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to one of them, the other would be all ready to write and do "household things," just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would soon render one set of fingers just as expert as the other, and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand they were to use, but they used the object to hand of it, and did the thing desired.

I would accustom myself to go about in the dark, and not be obliged to have a lamp or candle on every occasion. Too many of us are slaves to the daylight, and decline to move on in the night without a light. It is a habit, one of the most cheerful persons I ever knew was a blind old man who had lost his sight at an early age, and he was not at all afraid of the dark. He went everywhere, and could find his way more easily than I could. When his wife wanted a spoon of oil, or a pair of scissors from a drawer, the old man would go to the drawer, feel about, and find the thing he wanted without a word, and brought it. He never asked any one to reach him this or that object, but seemed to have the instinct of knowing just where it was and how to get it.

Surprised at his power of finding things, I asked him one day for an explanation, and he told me that he had learned to feel his way about a vessel it occurred to him that he might some time or other be deprived of his sight, and he resolved to begin early in life to rely more on a sense of feeling than he had ever done before. And so he used to wander, by way of practice, all over the ship in black midship, going down below and climbing around any where every where, that he might, in case of blindness, not become wholly helpless and of no account in the world. In this way he had educated himself to do without eyes when it became his lot to live a sightless man.

I would learn to use all sorts of tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to make something, as the saying is; to construct a nest for a bird, or a box, or a paper, or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library, or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there. Some of us can even drive a nail straight, and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and my friend, the learned and honorable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things" when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is a man of many talents, as he is poet; but there is nothing mechanical about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author of great repute said to me not long ago, "Professor Holmes is writing the best English of our time." And I could not help adding, "Yes, and inventing the best Steno-graph, too!"

I think I would ask permission—if I had happened to be born in a city—to have the opportunity of spending all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of the trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, utterly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are certain of very few. It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres, in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a fellow-farmer's name, or a bobolink from a cardinal. He has a bunch of panies, and a bunch of violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums. The Golden Rule.

CHIP.

It's a very short name, but then he is only a very short fellow. He is longer now would hardly fit him. He and I have been friends for more than seven years, and yet, strange to say, he knows nothing at all of astronomy or mathematics, and couldn't square the circle, even if you offered to count him in as the next President. But he is brave and intelligent, and an excellent musician, with a voice like Annie Laurie's, "low and sweet."

Chip is a Dutchman—short and stumpy—in fact, a little Dutch canary. I believe he came from the Haris mountains, and when I bought him was a year old. He was then a charming performer, and could do a little with one foot of the runs and trills and other accomplishments of which good German canaries are noted. In color he is a perfect yellow—what fanciers call a clear buff or nearly buff—without any bluish tinge except one dark wing feather, which appears after every second moult. This mark is perfect, and although his voice is not so full and flexible as it was seven years ago, Chip is still a capital little singer.

I bought him in the autumn. In the following spring the poor fellow seemed lonely, and I decided to give him a mate. The bird-stores were carefully searched, but no bird with any marked success. I suppose I ought to have asked Chip what sort of a bird he would like, but as I couldn't talk Dutch, and Chip didn't know enough of English, this was out of the question. At length I found what I fancied would be just the bird. She was about the same size as Chip, but a little larger, and of a lovely fawn or cinnamon color. Nan (for that was the name I afterward gave her) was robust, active, healthy, had a bright eye, and, like so many other young ladies, was "real

handsome." At least I thought so, and to tell the truth so did Chip. When I introduced her to him, I am sure he fell in love with her at first sight, just as Anthony did with Cleopatra. Their first meeting was very interesting—I mean Chip and Nan's—I didn't happen to be present when the other two met. It was late in the evening that I took her out of the little wooden affair in which canaries are imported, and put her in Chip's cage.

Most canaries are rude to visitors, and I expected to see the lord of the castle give the stranger a good thrashing. Not so. He hopped around her two or three times, thought her, I am sure, a perfect beauty, and straightway began kissing her, and in a low, twittering voice, whispering all sorts of nice things in her ear. From that hour they were ever the most loving of companions. Darby and Joan could be no greater. I don't recollect their having once quarreled, although for three successive years they had the care and responsibility of bringing up a large family. The nearest approach to it was when Chip would occasionally be lazy and neglectful in the breeding season—birds will be birds, you know, and even boys and girls are naughty now and then—and Nan had to remind her mate of his duty by a little wholesome discipline.

Nan, died last summer—a victim to the great heat. She proved an excellent wife and mother, and never seemed happier than when she had a nest full of little ones to look after.

HERE AND THERE.

THE colder the weather, the less the thermometer "mountains."

THE "Raven" is the name of a popular dressing for the hair. A very appropriate name for hair made in company with a comb.

THE time seems to be coming when we will have to have a few potatoes from the grocery to ornament the table on company occasions.

A COLORADO woman gathered fifty bushels of grasshoppers last summer, and her house is double-yolked eggs every day in the week except Sunday.

THE editor who can conduct a newspaper one year without making an enemy, would make a very successful managing editor of a medical journal.

IT is said that you can scare any common man to death in seven minutes by chasing him around with a wheelbarrow. It is the only infirmity which he can't dodge.

"WHAT is a claim, anyway?" asks an exchange. Why, it's a natural sandwich, of course; only the shells aren't quite so hard as the bread, but you find a piece of ham on the inside.

AN exchange does the Chicago people the justice to say that the great majority of them are honest and law-abiding, and that the few who are not, because circumstances require them to be constantly in motion.

THE New Yorker asks: "How can a woman make her home more attractive to her husband?" There is no general answer, but in some cases the thing can be done by inviting the widow friend around to spend the evening.

"Who is thy neighbor?" asks an exchange. "Really we don't know. He practices on the German flute in the evening and agonizes with the accordion at day break, and we could never learn to love him, were we to go to the trouble of making an introduction."

SOME of the lively horses of Newark have acquired a bad habit from their use by Tom Dick and Harry. When a nice young man takes his prospective mother-in-law out for a drive, he is not to be blamed for his animal's conduct, but he is to be blamed for his animal's conduct, but he is to be blamed for his animal's conduct.

A GENTLEMAN in a stage coach, passing through the city and observing a handsome officer, inquired of the driver what building it was he was going to. "It is the Unionist church," "Unionist?" said the gentleman, "and what is that?" "I don't know," said the driver, "but I believe it is in the opposition line." Boston Advertiser.

IT is noticeable that the cat who mounts the ridge pole of a wood house and sits apart at the corner, and is wrapped in thoughtful abstraction until the programme is about half through, opens out, when he does come with a wall that carries his blood to his head, and rouses all the other members of the troupe to a very agony of frenzied emulation.

THE opening address at the meeting of the Vermont Sheep Breeders' Association is said to have been a rambling sort of discourse. "Yes," said Y. Y. the speaker, "I will tell you, whether or no, and unmercifully lambasted those who disagreed with his conclusions. Before doing so, he had already pulled the wool over their eyes." St. Louis Times. This is all about sheep.

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Without Outlay of Money.

The numerous letters received concerning our offer of books as premiums for obtaining new subscribers, show that there is a preference for having a few books for one's own property, rather than to read and then return a larger number.

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Each list is made up of works by some of the best known authors, which every person of a moderate degree of literary culture will desire to read. They are not cheap paper editions, but handsomely bound, and such as cost \$1.25 to \$1.50 at retail.

LIST OF BOOKS.

1. Pickwick.
2. Oliver Twist and Christmas Stories.
3. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.
4. Martin Chuzzlewit.
5. The Christmas Carol.
6. The Tale of Two Cities.
7. The House of the Seven Gables.
8. The House of the Seven Gables.
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